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Sunday Times

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The Bystander, August 6, 1924

No. 1079. Vol. LXXXIII.

The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Hay Wrightson*

MISS FILUMENA MAYNE

The daughter of Capt. J. G. Mayne, Chief Constable of Suffolk. Miss Mayne was presented at the first Court of the season by her sister, Mrs. Richard Weld-Blundell

BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

"And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time"

"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

The Medical Code

SOME of the doctors are very thrilled by the knowledge that they may shortly be allowed to put their pictures in the papers without suffering loss of prestige. This does not apply to the average professional man, but to those specialists with a touch of showmanship in their make-up, who feel the need of a publicity from which they have been divorced by the strict medical code. When this code is relaxed, these specialists will dash into print, riding their pet hobby-horses at full gallop across the printed page, and, in the natural order of things, the photograph of the writer will accompany the article.

That Waste-paper Basket

THERE is a good deal to be said for and against the innovation. Some medical men feel that the doctor possessing the pen of a ready writer may secure an undue advantage over his more qualified but less literary brethren. They argue that the power to heal is greater than the power to write—so far as their profession is concerned—and that there is danger in the raising of false gods. They see a new school of experts coming into being, and a school less qualified to carry on the great traditions of their profession. They need not worry. Editors are well acquainted with the gentleman who tries to exploit their columns for his own ends, and they know how to deal with him. What is the waste-paper basket for?

A Matter of Moods

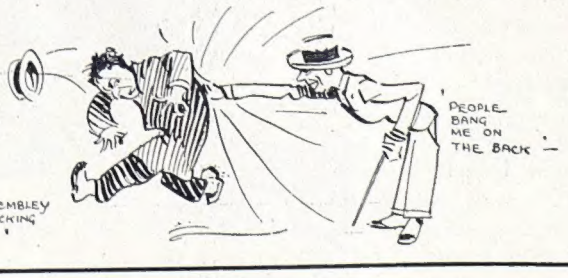
TWO City men were discussing a sudden and unexplainable slump. "After all," said one, "business has its moods like everything else." The thing seemed a trifle odd at first hearing, but the philosopher probably had right on his side, and, carrying his theory further, we might find an explanation for many things that are apt to be obscure. A theatre audience, for instance, may exhibit a mood which owes nothing to the quality of the fare provided. Accept the suggestion that such audiences are governed by moods, and you account for many successes—and many failures. If you ask me why some of these artificial successes persist with the aid of subsequent audiences, I can only refer you to those excellent quadrupeds that follow one another through a gate without quite knowing why.

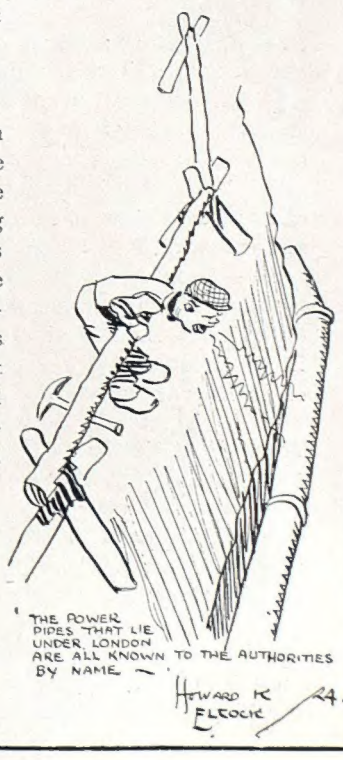
Payment of Pros.

GILBERT JESSOP made some very pertinent remarks on the payment of professional cricketers, when the constitution of the Australian team was under discussion. He thought it strange that the youth straight from village or club cricket should receive the same emolument as the old experienced hand, and added that we had yet to see the day when the operatic star is, as regards remuneration, placed on the same scale as the chorus singer. There is a lot to be said for the Croucher's suggestion that cricket stars might fairly be paid in proportion to their reputation and drawing powers, particularly when International matches are under consideration. I don't say that this plan would affect the constitution of the team, but it might just tip the balance in certain cases.

Automatic Thievery

TWO gentlemen from the North have been fined for breaking an automatic machine which failed to deliver the goods. Three attempts to secure value for money having failed, they decided to protect the pockets of future investors by putting the machine out of action. The magistrate was sympathetic in his remarks, but very official in his subsequent action, and I am wondering what would have happened if the defendants had summoned the automatic company for obtaining money under false pretences. It would





probably have proved more expensive than the loss of their machine, which deserved all that it got

Elsie the Elm

THE power pipes that lie under London are all known to the authorities by name. I don't suppose they are called Elsie or Maude, but it is pleasant to think that the services they perform are recognised in this rather unusual way. The other day, I was visiting a well-known author who was enthusing about the trees that grew on his recently acquired estate. "What do you call them?" I asked, at last. "Why, Elms, !" he replied, and when I explained that I was referring to the possibility of their possessing Christian names, he got quite huffy about it.

"Men of the Hour"

IN the latest issue of the *Sunday Times*, the Earl of Birkenhead concluded his very fine series "Men of the Hour." A lot of letterpress appears signed by well-known names, and one is often led to wonder whether the noble authors so much as read the proofs of the effusions for which they took credit, but no other writer could have written the articles under consideration. Indeed, had they been published under a *nom de plume*, their source of origin would have been completely obvious, for the Earl of Birkenhead has a gift of language that is equally effective in Parliament or upon the printed page. Look out for the series in book form.

It Suits Me

A WEEK or so back I walked out into the sunshine and got really brown. Mine is not the sort of face that turns a bright scarlet prior to peeling. You cannot trace me along sea-fronts by the skin that falls from my nose. When I have been sitting in the sun I go a beautiful mahogany-brown, and have all the appearance of a man who goes down to the sea in ships. I won't disguise the fact that this sort of thing suits me. Consequently, I enjoy the stir that is caused by my bronzed appearance. Only yesterday a sea-faring man stopped me and hailed me as admiral of the flagship in which he saw service during the War. The fellow was mistaken, but I gave him sixpence for his pains.

Unsympathetic Sunburn

TO-DAY, things are different. I don't know whether I am sickening for sunstroke or suffering from an attack of hop-fever, but I feel as cheap as something sold at a sale. I can scarcely drag one foot behind the other; I ache in my bones, and tobacco tastes like poison and yet I look the very picture of health. People bang me on the back and ask me all sorts of idiotic questions about the holidays I haven't had and shall never live to enjoy. Ill as I feel, I still have all the appearance of a man who goes down to the sea in ships.

The Tide of Traffic

THERE always seem to be compensations for misfortune—if you wait long enough. One of these days the theatres may find in what way they are benefited by the present broadcasting craze, and our seaside towns may discover that Wembley is really a blessing in disguise. But, what I really meant to remind you was that the old coaching inns, left derelict by the passing of the stage coach, have leaped into a new era of success, thanks to the all-conquering "sharry-bang," while the various Railway Hotels throughout the country are not joining in the general prosperity. How the very stones of those old coaching inns must smile!

Blaming Wembley

AND, talking of Wembley, have you noticed that the Empire Exhibition is being blamed for all the ills that this distressful country is now heir to. All the holiday resorts, of course, declare that they are ruined and that Wembley is to blame. Up the river, they blame the Exhibition rather than the bad weather for bad boating business, and if an old lady trips over the cat in her spare bedroom, I expect she drats Wembley instead of kicking the cat. Even the golf professionals, I read, are blaming the Empire Exhibition because apoplectic Colonels are betraying a temporary coyness in connection with the Royal and Ancient game. Yet the fact that the courses are burnt out one day and washed out the next might surely be accepted as an adequate explanation.

Measuring Time

IF you would care to trace the history of the timepiece through the ages—and the study of horology is a very fascinating one—you should spend sixpence on a charming little brochure, *English Clocks and Watches and Their Makers*, which has been produced for the Wembley Exhibition by the *Horological Journal* at Fulwood House, High Holborn, London. Ahaz, King of Judah, had a sundial, and you, probably, have a gold presentation lever, but many seconds have ticked themselves away in the years between.

By Blam

"HOPE!"

(With apologies for the modern "note" to the late G. F. Watts, R.A.)

BY E. T. REED

"CROSSING THE LINE"

KING NEPTUNE: "Look here, my fine fellers; none of your hanky-panky with the British Navy, mind! You're getting very near the 'Line'—between *Safety* and *Danger*—and *when you cross it*, my friends here will go through a few simple ceremonies with *you!*"

The King's Proctor in a More Popular Rôle

Photograph *Bassano*

The Hon. Clive Lawrence, the King's Proctor, with his bride, Miss Mildred Dew, photographed at the reception after their wedding last week. Mr. Lawrence is the eldest son of the Rt. Hon. Lord Trevethin and Lady Trevethin; his bride is the daughter of Mrs. Dew and the late Rev. E. P. Dew, of Breamore, Hants

Photograph] PRINCE GEORGE AT PLYMOUTH [*Central News*

Prince George opening the Devon and Cornwall Colony, after he had unveiled a Royal Navy War Memorial on Plymouth Hoe. The Colony, the third of its kind in this country, has been formed by voluntary subscriptions and is for the use of tubercular ex-Servicemen and their families

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Goodwood

Almost every house, large and small, in the neighbourhood was filled for Goodwood. What the house agents call "lettings" have been much larger than usual, chiefly because there is a growing fashion to take a house and fill it with guests for the meeting *à la* Ascot. But the willingness of owners to let in these hard times likewise played its part. Once upon a time residents near Goodwood were rather chary of letting.

Like last year, a certain number of yachting people reversed the usual procedure and "did" Goodwood from Cowes. A fortnight before the races a goodly contingent of yachts had gathered in Cowes Roads. On the mainland a line of motor-cars sped Goodwoodwards each day filled with people from Cowes yachts—a very pleasant way of biting at two cherries.

Have you ever reflected that three race meetings mark the three progresses of the London season? The Derby opens the ball, as it were; Ascot is the high water line of the season; Goodwood the end. What would happen if some one of our "Down with Everything" brigades had their way, and race meetings were abolished? But perhaps they would abolish the season, too—by Act of Parliament.

When you see the Downs black with people—the crowd seems to grow bigger every year—it is difficult to realise that the meeting was once on the verge of being abandoned. This was some twenty-five years or so after its establishment in 1802 by the third Duke of Richmond. The cause was the low stakes. Lord George Bentinck, that redoubtable scion of the house of Portland whose doings are to be found in all histories of the Turf, won his first race at Goodwood in 1824 on his own horse. But the stakes only came to

Photograph *Central News*

AT THE ALMSHOUSES

The Queen recently paid a visit to Chichester where she inspected various places of interest. She is seen with the Right Rev. H. K. Southwell, C.M.G., the Bishop of Lewes, at one of the Almshouses of St. Mary's Hospital, which dates back to the thirteenth century

Photograph IN WASHINGTON COUNTRY

Lord and Lady Spencer welcoming members of the American Bar Association at Althorp House. The occasion was the visit of the Association to Sulgrave Manor, the ancestral home of the Washington family

Photograph *L.N.A.*

ROYALTY SHOPS

The Crown Princess of Roumania (right) leaving the Roumanian Embassy, in Cromwell Place, on a shopping expedition. With her is Princess Irene of Greece, her sister-in-law

£300. He took over the management of the meeting, and in a few years had raised the stakes to £11,000, more than doubling that amount a few years later again.

Arrangements at Balmoral

WHEN Queen Victoria and Prince Albert built Balmoral their intention was to have only a *pied-à-terre* in the Highlands. Consequently, when Queen Victoria made it her residence for several months in the year there was no accommodation for the suite, and even the Minister in attendance was obliged to transact the business of State in his bedroom. Several houses were, therefore, added to the Royal property, either by purchase or by building, some of which were lent to members of the Royal family; others were occupied by members of the suite.

For many years the late King Edward and Queen Alexandra, as Prince and Princess of Wales, stayed at Abergeldie, which they in their turn lent to the late Duchess of Albany. Since her death it has been lent to Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone. This year Lord and Lady Shaftesbury will be its occupants, Lord Shaftesbury being the Lord Steward of the Household. Sir Frederick Ponsonby, the Keeper of the Privy Purse, has a charming house near the Castle itself, and Captain Alexander Hardinge, the King's Assistant Private Secretary, will be at Altnaguisach, the house he and his wife occupied last year.

Although the time at Balmoral is the King's chief holiday of the year, a certain number of hours every day are occupied by affairs of State, and His Majesty is perforce obliged to have the working members of his household with him. The rule of a Minister in attendance was abolished by King Edward—to the infinite relief of Ministers themselves. The late Lord Salisbury used to complain bitterly of the long railway journey and the cramped quarters. In fact, the only Minister who was ever known to [illegible] going to Balmoral was Lord Beaconsfield.

Photograph

LETTING OFF STEAM AFTER THE RUN

The "run" in this case was not performed by a locomotive, but by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. Principals and friends are seen above during the dance given on the stage at the Princes Theatre at the conclusion of the long and successful Gilbert and Sullivan season

Peeresses in Their Own Right

LADY RHONDDA and the other peeresses in their own right will be disappointed by the decision to postpone until the Autumn Session the debate on Viscount Astor's Bill to enable them to sit and vote in the House of Lords. For my own part I could not understand why the right was refused when the question was brought up before. It seems only logical that if a woman has the same right to election to Parliament as a man—in other words, equal citizenship — a woman who has an hereditary right to a peerage should have all the privileges pertaining to that inheritance. A seat in the House of Lords, surely, is as much her right as it is of male peers.

Photograph *Rita Martin*

A RECENT BRIDE

Alwyn, the only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Spencer Pratt, of Broom Hall, Kent, who was married to Capt. Weldon Champneys at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, on August 2. Her husband is the only surviving son of Sir Francis Champneys, Bart.

There are twenty-four peeresses in their own right. Five of these married peers of higher rank than themselves, so, if peeresses are given their seats in the Lords, the Countess of Powis would sit as Baroness Darcy de Knayth, and her sister, the Countess of Yarborough, as Baroness Fauconberg and Conyers; the Duchess of Norfolk as Baroness Herries; Viscountess St. Davids as Baroness Strange of Knokin, and the Countess of Dawtrey as Baroness De Ros, the premier barony of England.

Of the remaining nineteen only four are unmarried—Viscountess Wolseley, Viscountess Roberts, Baroness Clifton, and the Countess of Seafield, who is still a minor. Seven of the peeresses in their own right have married soldiers.

A New Attraction at Deauville

I HEAR from Deauville that the new bathing establishment with its pool adds yet another attraction to that admirably organised playing-place, so much so that most of the *mouvement* now centres round the beach. My correspondent suggests that the new cabins where people sit and receive their friends, judging by the way they were snapped up directly they were opened, may prove a rivalry to the Potinière as the season advances.

But I doubt whether their attraction could lessen the crowd on the Potinière for the morning *apéritif*. Where else could one see such clothes, such jewels — and such complexions fresh from the paint-box? Certainly not in parading up and down in front of the cabins. No, the Potinière is as much a part of Deauville as the Casino, and the cabins will doubtless be the afternoon attraction. There have already been some sensational winnings at the tables.

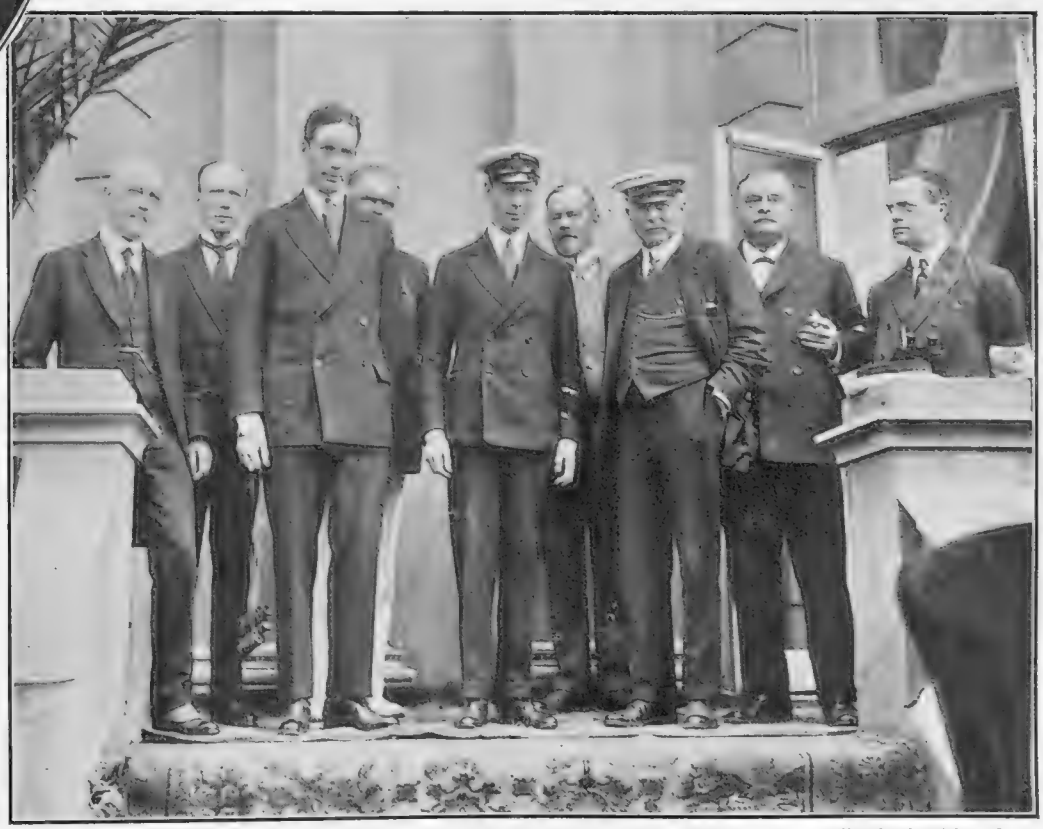
Photograph *Topical*

LEAVING THE CHURCH

Lieutenant W. F. Jameson, R.N., and his bride, Miss Elizabeth Fisher, passing beneath an arch of crossed swords after their wedding last week. The service was held at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street

Clothes and the Woman

SPEAKING of clothes, the Pope has been making history. Following upon his condemnation of the present fashions, His Holiness has decided to offer gold and silver medals for the best designs of a woman's dress "suitable to wear in cathedrals, churches and other sacred places." His Holiness's condemnation, it is explained, has been misunderstood. It only applies to the dress worn by women when attending religious services. "The



Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

RACING AT TORQUAY

The Duke of York with Lord Montagu of Beaulieu (on his left) at the recent Motor Boat Competitions held at Torquay. The Duke had given a special International trophy for boats of one-and-a-half litres

Pope is not anxious to interfere with the mode of dress for balls, receptions, and similar social functions which do not directly concern him, but he insists that a standard of modesty must be conformed to by women attending religious services and visiting the Vatican. In both instances the dresses must have long sleeves, high necks, and extend to the ankles, which should be just covered. The material must not be transparent."

This is the first Pope who has offered

Photograph *Sport & General*

MISS AILEEN GUINNESS & the HON. BARBARA FRANKLAND

medals or other reward for the design of a woman's dress. But you have only to look at your history books to see that all the Churches have fulminated against woman's clothes in all ages. Either they were too scanty or too extravagant. So far, we have not had a campaign against the powder-puff, which everybody now accepts as an essential. There was a time—and not so long ago—when a shiny nose was a sign of irreproachable respectability in woman. Now, it is regarded as a sign of carelessness in *les petits soins de la toilette*, just like badly-brushed hair.

Is It on the Statute Book?

I SUPPOSE if you could trace these ecclesiastical condemnations of women's clothes throughout the centuries to their actual source, you would find it to be a desire to protect weak and impressionable man against feminine allurements. But if we are to believe a M. Piesse, who wrote a book called *Des Odeurs, des Parfums et des Cosmétiques*, our own

Photograph] **THE ROYAL HOUSE-PARTY AT GOODWOOD HOUSE** [*E. G. Rust*

Their Majesties The King and Queen with their host and hostess, the Duke of Richmond and his daughter the Duchess of Northumberland, and the guests at Goodwood House. Our photograph shows: Back row (left): Sir Charles Cust, Capt. Boyd-Rochfort, Colonel Gibbs, Miss Mildred Cotterell, Sir Hill Child, Major Fetherstonhaugh, Lady Helena Gibbs, Lord Henry Seymour, Earl of Cavan, Lord Esmè Gordon-Lennox, His Majesty The King, The Duke of Northumberland, Earl of Durham, Sir Leonard Brassey, Lord Elphinstone, Colonel A. Duff, Earl of Sefton, Brig.-General Trotter, Colonel Clive Wigram, Captain Sir Bryan Godfrey-Faussett. Front row (left): Lady Elphinstone, Lady Linlithgow, Lady Helen Seymour, the Hon. Adele Biddulph, the Duchess of Northumberland, Her Majesty the Queen, the Duke of Richmond, Lady Meux, Lady Mar and Kellie, Lady Esmè Gordon-Lennox, and the Countess of Shaftesbury

GOING GOOD AND GLAD AT GOODWOOD

Some of those who saw the gay season out *via* Goodwood last week. Despite heavy rains in many parts, the opening day was fine and the going for the gees was much better than for the folk who made the journey down. Everyone was pleased with the victory of the King's colt, London Cry, on the second day

Photograph *Topical*

LADY CARNARVON

Photograph

THE BARONESS ZOUCHE, SIR HUGH RIPLEY and MR. MILLAIS

Photograph *Sport and General*

LORD AND LADY CHESHAM

Parliament once passed a law, and that so late as 1770, against women who lured men to marriage by paint and artificial physical adornments. This is a free translation of what the French writer declares to have been the law:

"Any woman, no matter her age, rank, calling or condition, maid, *fille*, or widow, who from the date of this Act shall deceive, seduce, or entice into marriage one of the subjects of His Majesty by the aid of perfumes, false hair, *crêpon d'Espagne* (this was fine linen stuff, saturated with carmine) and other cosmetics, steel busts, panniers, shoes with high heels, or false hips, will incur the pains and penalties at present in force under the law against witchcraft, and the marriage will be declared null and void."

It certainly was a time when artificial aids to figure and beauty ran riot, but was this Act, I wonder, ever placed on the Statute Book? If it was, how could Strephon prove that he had been beguiled into giving his hand and heart to Chloe by her twinkling high-heeled shoes, her false locks and her cheeks warmly tinted with *crêpon d'Espagne*? It all sounds like a breach of promise action after marriage.

Photograph *Alfieri*

LADY ROSAMOND GALLWEY-ROBERTSON

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE KING AND MAJOR FETHERSTONHAUGH

A Coming of Age

THERE were great doings last week at Aynho Park near Banbury, for the coming of age of Mr Richard Cartwright, the only son of Sir Fairfax and Lady

Cartwright. Sir Fairfax closed a brilliant career in diplomacy as our Ambassador in Vienna throughout a peculiarly difficult time. He married, when First Secretary to our Embassy in Rome, a daughter of the late Marchesa Chigi and granddaughter of Mrs. Minto Elliot, whose books of travel, especially those on Italy and France, used to be the invariable companion to their guide books with English folk on their jaunts abroad.

Udny of Udny

NEARLY two centuries between grandfather and grandson must be unusual in the history of families, but such is the case in the Udny family. Mr. John Udny of Udny, who has just celebrated his golden wedding, is seventy-one. His grandfather was born in 1727, which makes 197 years between the two.

The Udnys have come down in an unbroken line since the end of the fourteenth century, and throughout that time—five centuries—they have held Udny Castle near Aberdeen. Mrs. Udny was a daughter of the late Sir John Tollemache Sinclair, and a sister of Mrs. Owen Williams, whose husband, General Owen Williams, was one of King Edward's most intimate friends.

"They Shall Not Grow Old . ."

LAST week the Marchioness of Salisbury was "At Home" in the historic gardens of Hatfield House to Australian visitors in England. If there is anything in what the spiritualists tell us, the ghosts of the brave and fair who once had so blithely assembled in these lovely gardens must have smiled down in ghostly benignity upon the gathering. For it was given to aid the cause of Toc. H—one of the youngest, and, some say, the most ideal, of the Empire's bands of Brotherhood. Major-General Sir Talbot Hobbs, who served with much distinction with the Anzac Forces, and the Reverend P. B. Clayton, the founder of Toc H., explained the aims of the Toc H. movement and the object of the Hatfield Garden Party. This latter was the founding of a branch of Toc H. in Australia, and Lady Salisbury's guests from "down under" were, to judge by the scraps of conversation one heard, most enthusiastic about it. When Mr. Clayton visits Australia next year, which he is to do at the invitation of Lord Forster, the Governor-General, he should find many willing helpers from among those who heard about the work of Toc H. at Hatfield.

Australian visitors to London who were unable to accept Lady Salisbury's invitation, but who are interested in the scheme, can pay a visit to any of the Toc H. houses already established, by writing to the Rev. P. B. Clayton at All Hallows Porch Room, Byward Street, E.C.4.

Photograph *Personality Photo Press*

ALL ABOARD

Mr. W. Jameson and his party on board his yacht "Magdalene" at Cowes. Names: Major Van der Byl left, Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Van der Byl and Mr. W. Jameson

Photograph *P. and A.*

WATCHING POLO AT DEAUVILLE

Prince de Caraman-Chimay (right), the Comte de la Rochefoucauld, the Duchess of Peñaranda and Lady Wodehouse on the polo grounds at fashionable Deauville

Photograph *P. and A.*

AN OLYMPIC WINNER

Sir Ernest and Lady Roney at Deauville. Sir Ernest's yacht "Emily," skippered by his son, carried off a first, two seconds and a third, in the Olympic Yachting Regatta off Le Havre

Photograph] **"VANITY" FAIR** *[Personality Photo Press*

Mr. Payne and his party on board his yacht "Vanity" at Cowes. Our picture shows: Mr. J. R. Palmer left, Miss Taylor, Dr. Bengofield, Mr. J. R. Payne and Mr. C. H. Reed

Photographs Central Press and Sport & General

"SWALLOWS OF SUMMER SEA, WITH WHITE-TIPP'D WING . . . ."

A view of the Royal Dorset Yacht Club's annual regatta taken from Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht "Shamrock," which was scratch with the King's "Britannia" in the 75-ton and over Handicap. The picture shows "White Heather" in full sail and "Britannia" astern. (Inset) Sir Charles Allom (right) on "White Heather" with Captain Mountfield at the wheel

Photograph *Alice Hughes*

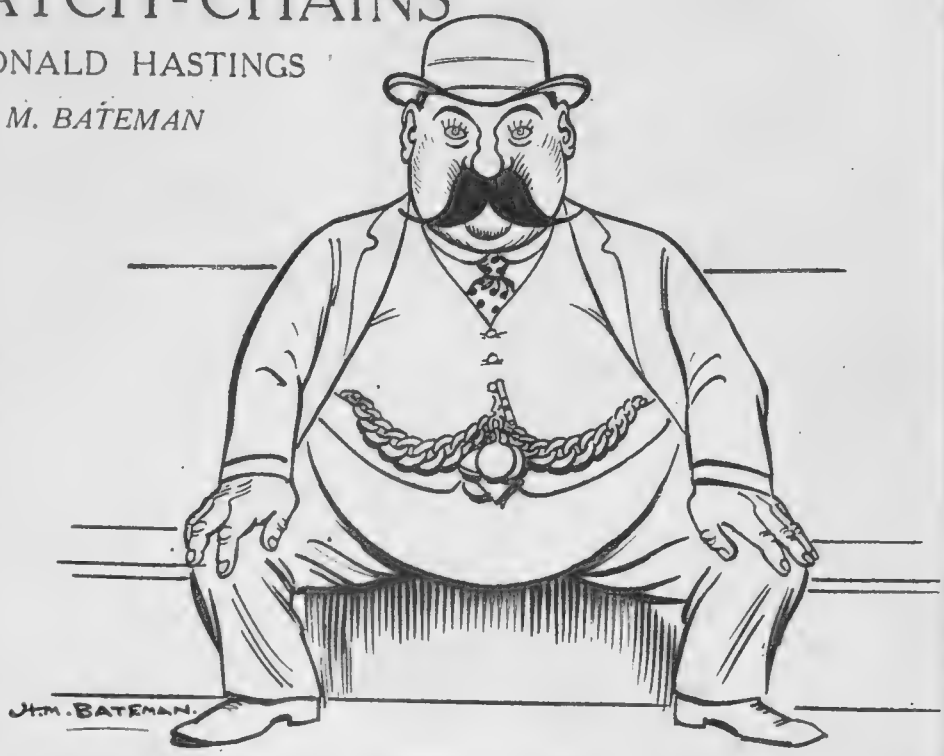
LADY HERMIONE HERBERT

The only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Powis, whose engagement to Conte Roberto Lucchesi Palli was recently announced. Her fiancé is the eldest son of Conte Carlo Lucchesi Palli, who recently succeeded to the titles of Principe di Campofranco and Duca della Grazia (both of them Sicilian-Spanish titles conferred on the family in the seventeenth century) on the death of his brother, Enrico, the eleventh Principe di Campofranco

WAR ON WATCH-CHAINS

By BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

Illustrated by H. M. BATEMAN



A FEW nights ago I was in a Sussex lane. Though the time was midnight, the sun shone brightly. You may, therefore, conclude that this adventure happened in the land of dreams. I was driving a soap-box two-seater, one of those products of the motor-engineer designed to keep the poor in a state of proper humility, and my mood was compassionate, as is the way of a man when he smells new-cut hay. Then I saw an Ifrit.

He was in trouble with his flying carpet. I knew him for an Ifrit because he might have been designed by Lalauze, and kept bowing himself to the ground. Also there was his number plate, Ba 713, showing him to be from Bassorah. "There is no Majesty and there is no Might save in Allah, the Glorious, the Great," said I, knowing the password, "and can I be of any assistance?" First he threw musk over the engine of my two-seater, and then he prostrated himself to show me the hole in his carpet. I patched it with materials from my tool-box.

The Ifrit showed his gratitude by offering me a vulture, formerly a literary critic, who would eat the corpses of my enemies, or a monkey, that had once been an English humorist, to perch on my shoulder at meal-times. I really wanted a million dinars, or dirhams, though I could not remember the exchange rate. Observing me to be puzzled, the Ifrit presently said: "What then can I do for thee to make thy life pleasanter hereafter?" As a gull swoops, I flashed back, "Abolish rice pudding," and woke up. Now I wish I had said watch-chains.

Rice pudding, say you, can be avoided. I am not so sure. True, you need not order it, but it has a way of appearing on the table of one's host, and the menu of obscure eating-places such as railway dining-cars and the saloons of ships. It is a constant menace if not an inevitable doom. Perpend the unhappy case of certain litigants the other day. One had complained that a consignment of rice was unfit for human food, and the judge, to settle the matter, had a pudding made of the grain, which all concerned, including counsel, were called upon to eat. This, as may well be gathered, has created something like a panic at the bar. Law students are leaving the country in large numbers, and solicitors at last have the laugh of the barristers. You see the thing is hardly likely to stop at rice-pudding. Supposing one of the big stores was to sue a Grimsby firm for sending them bad fish, and the judge . . . But perhaps I see too deep into the chasm. Certain it is that all future candidates for the bar must have guaranteed digestive organs.

Now I am sure that one ought to be just as careful as to what one puts on the stomach as to what one puts inside it. You may be a confirmed resister of rice-pudding, but lack the taste which would inform you of the suffering you cause by wearing a watch-chain. Who has not met the lady who loves steers, and will not have them wrestled, and is so devoted to children that she whips them for their good? So you, proud of your contempt for the rice-eater, may at this very moment be causing acute suffering to your fellow-man by the draping of an eighteen-carat gold *accouplement* across your diaphragm.

Now a watch-chain, while always a jar and a discord to sensitive souls, is not necessarily unbearable for those who have roughed it about the world, and especially that large proportion of the human race who saw the worst horrors of the recent War. It all depends upon the form and the situation of it.

There are, apparently, three positions for this repellent badge. First, on the chest; second, on the midriff; and third, on the abdomen. Now if the watch be in the top left pocket of the waistcoat and be moored to the top of that garment by a dark cord or narrow band of black silk the offence is merely technical, and no select committee of a golf club, to choose a medium fastidiousness, would reject a candidate guilty of so trifling a breach of taste. To be an abomination and a scourge, you must wear your watch-chain deeper down. Your lowness will be adjudged by the depression of your decorations.

The second class puts its watch in the lower waistcoat pocket and tethers it high. For some reason this is just bearable if but a swift glance is taken, and one has not to sit opposite it for long in bus or tube. Moreover, the arrangement of the fetters reveals a consciousness by the wearer that there is something wrong. It shows that he has fiddled about before the glass before deciding, and there is hope for such a man. He has not the bigness of brain which would enable him to fling his disgusting trinket over a railway bridge, but he has sufficient culture to wear his mark of disgrace as apologetically as possible. In a way, he is a little pathetic.

I once tried to help such a man, and I was wrong. I sat opposite him, opportunely enough, on a ferry boat. "You are wearing a watch-chain, may I observe?" So did I begin. "I see that it is driving you to something near distraction. You are exhausting yourself trying to solve the problem of how to wear it." He gazed at me spell-bound, with relief, I thought. "But have you never noticed that watch-chains are only worn by very low people. You are not a low person. The mess you have made of your watch-chain shows you to possess even a glimmer of refinement.

Then why wear the badge of the vulgar? Wrench it from your midriff, sir, cast it into the waters and be free." He slowly took off his watch and chain and gave it to a companion, slowly took off his coat, slowly removed his collar and tie, spat upon his hands, and then, Heaven be praised, the ferry-boat grounded.

Now for the third class of watch-chain wearer there can be nothing but scorn. Hitherto humanity has been content to bestow upon him the slight of silence. But this will no longer suffice, for some of the culprits have crept on to the Treasury bench. A campaign of denunciation and ridicule must be started at once. An ingenious neologism for a watch-chain wearer might work wonders, for was not the strange but not nearly so offensive habit of beard-wearing checked by the universal quotation of the name of an amphibious rodent? But direct impeachment is called for as well, and lecturers must have complete mastery of their case.

In the first place no man has the right to draw attention to his bread-basket, much less to decorate it. He would not put a bunch of violets in his bottom waistcoat button-hole. Then will he please explain why he smears his middle with a chain and trinkets of gold? Mark that the chain is not drawn straight across in business-like fashion, but draped in curves which generally correspond to the curves of his moustache. A man with two prostrate brackets of hair under his nose is usually the type which wears correspondingly overthrown brackets of gold on his paunch. In fact, "Brackets" might well be the catch-phrase of derision to howl into the ear of the watch-chain wearer.

In the second place, it must be well rubbed in that the watch-chain has no practical use whatever. It is in the same class of affectation as the diamond ring and the pearl pin. When watches were first made they were very valuable, and had to be fastened securely to the person.

Nowadays, watches are as common as pebbles on the beach, and very nearly as cheap. It is as foolish to tie a watch on to oneself as it would be to insure a duck-pond against fire. In fact, the wearer of a heavy chain stands a far greater risk of being robbed than the wearer of none at all. The first advertises his watch and throws in the bait of the chain; the second may look like a watch-owner, but pickpockets are not particularly interested in adumbrations.

It must not be overlooked that the main objection to watch-chain wearing in its most offensive, or double bracket, form is æsthetic. The utter ugliness of the habit can be disputed by none. Note where a woman wears an ornament At her neck to draw attention to its roundness; on her arms and fingers to draw attention to their shapeliness; in her ears, on the crest of her hair, sometimes at her ankles. Cannot these vulgar-minded men learn an example from their sisters? Perhaps they never had any sisters to laugh them out of cox-combry and so make men of them.

"He slowly took off his watch and chain and gave it to a companion, slowly took off his coat, slowly removed his collar and tie"

Anyhow, the fact remains that these appalling people go about the world so decorated as to draw direct and immediate attention to their organs of digestion. There are even some who arrange the abomination across white waistcoats when they wear evening dress, but I must confine myself to popular experience lest I be accused of exaggeration.

The Ifrit is back in Bassorah now, and it is an odd thing that since that night I have never seen a rice-pudding. It is hardly likely that he and I will ever meet again, but he may come to you after a lobster supper. If he gives you an opportunity, do him a favour. He may offer you a vulture or a monkey, but stand out, if you can, for the abolition of watch-chains. In any case, let us all make a resolution never to do a kindness to anyone wearing stomach-harness.

B. M. H.

YOGO HAMA.

Who Is He?

A Photographic Four-In-Hand from Hatfield Park

Photographs *G. P. U. and Photo Illus.*

The top photo shows the judging of coaches in the coaching marathon at the Hertfordshire Agricultural Show held in Hatfield Park. Sir Leonard Powell and Lady Pearce on the box of Sir Leonard's coach are seen in the circular photo, whilst the one on the right shows Lady Guildford (left), Lady De La Rue and her daughter watching the judging. The bottom photo shows Mr. Goddard's team of blacks, which won the first prize for private coaches

Motley Musings

I
I am all upon the go-go
To discover Hama Yogo.

2
Are you some Tibetan Llama
Meditating, Yogo Hama?

3
Relative of Admiral Togo,
Were you? Are you? Hama Yogo.

4
Or some devotee of Brahma,
On the Ganges, Yogo Hama?

5
Do you play Ping-pong or Pogo
In your fastness, Hama Yogo?

6
By volcanic Fuji-yama
Do you sojourn, Yogo Hama?

7
Or where men who sell old clo' go,
Are you working, Hama Yogo?

8
Having got but one pyjama,
Are you hiding, Yogo Hama?

9
Friends, I ask you (Latin, rogo),
Who and where is Hama Yogo?

10
Farmer, by the streams of Ramah,
Or Bahama, are you, Hama?

11
Hid your secret. Ah, it's no go:
Hence this monologue, O Yogo!

. . . . .

FROM a sporting contemporary: "J. Gunn not Gout 25." We are so glad it wasn't.

AN instrument has been devised whereby the sex of a child may be determined. We trust that the sexophone will be of more utility than the saxophone.

. . . . .

THERE has long been a hat known as "The Winston," but we did not know till recently that a fabric called Lloyd Georgette is now on the market.

. . . . .

THE American gentleman who stated that a canard is a statement that canardly be true is not expected to recover.

. . . . .

"IT is difficult to enjoy life when you have left your wife," said a witness in a divorce case last week. But it is still more difficult to enjoy it when you have left your wife a widow!

. . . . .

ALL the speakers at the Advertising Conference emphasised the value of truth. Soon we shall expect to see something like this on our hoardings:

MUDD-ON-SEA.
ALWAYS RAINING! DEAR! DULL AND DEADLY!
MILES FROM ANYWHERE!
NO DRAINS!
CHILDREN HATE IT!

A REIGNING TERROR By A. C. BARRETT
THE FORTUNE-TELLER: "A dark man may cross your path"

A DRAMATIC journal is of the opinion that an actor's profession is the most exacting of any. It is, of course, admitted that even when they are off the stage they are ex-acting.

. . . . .

LORD DARLING has recently returned to the Law Courts. We have not noticed any suspension of the law of gravity.

. . . . .

THE chair which the famous Dr. Samuel Johnson used is still shown at a London tavern.

"I know a pretty useful blend,"
I said, as I removed my hat.
"Sit down. What's yours? And this, my friend,
THIS is the seat where Johnson sat!"

My friend, who hails from U.S.A.,
Went pale, then reverently rose,
And murmured, "Gee! Great snakes! Bo', say,
That guy could write some nifty prose!"

"This is the chair," I said, when lo,
The Yankee doffed his Stetson hat,
And gasped, "To think Noo York'll know
I'm in the seat where Johnson sat!

"I wonder," and his eyes grew bright
As those of any hungry rat;
"I wonder, stranger, if I might
Offer a bid to purchase that?"

"This is the chair," I cried (my flat
We two were in as loud I spoke),
"Where my poor pal, Jim Johnson, sat,
And made that horrible revoke!!!"

. . . . .

AN American journal is of the opinion that there will be jazz bands in the next world. We wish they were all there now.

. . . . .

AT banquets given in honour of our American lawyer guests there has been a singular absence of any dry toast.

. . . . .

A FAMOUS Church dignitary declares that the world is losing faith. He can hardly be aware of the number of quack medicines that are consumed.

. . . . .

"YES, he's a fine actor," remarked one critic to another. "I remember seeing him when he brought the house down."

"Ah, brick by brick, I expect," remarked the soured one.

HARTLEY CARRICK

By Fleming Williams

ANOTHER STAGE FAILURE

The "person" who dared to land on the Royal Yacht Squadron stage without a white top to his cap

By Garstin

THE SKIN GAME

Betty: "Auntie, Jean and I are playing Beauty and the Beast. Jean's Beauty, so will you please lend me your winter furs to make a beast of myself in?"

LONDON NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

MIDSUMMER MADNESS

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by* MACMICHAEL

Produced July 3, 1924

IF you will imagine a brightly-painted butterfly fluttering through a fair garden of flowers to the music of plashing fountains far and near, you will have a good idea of the lightness and beauty of this singularly pleasing production. It is, to be exact, a play within a play, but it is the inside play that matters. This is a delicate patchwork of dainty nonsense about nothing in particular except that its theme is Love, or what passes for that sort of thing in these prosaic times. There are but four people in the play, and the fun arises from making the couples obviously destined to pair off at the finish, trifle with the climax for three acts before bowing gracefully to the inevitable. We have first of all Mrs. Pascal, a breezy widow who has come to the garden of an inn in Somerset in order to meet a gentleman friend. The fair maid of the inn presumes that the gentleman Mrs. Pascal is going to meet is about to marry her; and when Mrs. Pascal laughingly protests that she has never said a word about marriage the maid, who seems very well informed in sociology, as you might say, replies that the widow looks so very virtuous that the alternative did not seem to be admissible.

THEN Pantaloon drifts on. He is a very modern, middle-aged Pantaloon, and his soul is buried in the City. He has little use for flowers or blue skies or art or music, but the tick of the tape-machine is balm to his spirit. He explains that among other investments he is interested in Pantaloons, and he permits himself the witticism that just now Pantaloons are coming down; but this must not be taken as a sample of the prevailing humour of the piece. After all, it is difficult sometimes for even the best people to refrain from making the obvious joke. Pantaloon is so wrapped up in the City that he even sings a quaint little song made up almost entirely of quotations from the Stock Exchange Official List, and this must be the first time on record that that very precise sheet has been set to music.

MRS. PASCAL, on the other hand, is out for a little romance. She is a widow who has long passed the mourning stage and is out on the warpath once more. By way of starting the good work, therefore, she pins a rose in the lapel of Pantaloon's coat, and then tears away the bloom, leaving him only the stem for his buttonhole. This in her view is as much of a flower as he can understand. The charm of this scene is the brilliant acting of Miss Marie Tempest, who speaks her lines in gently bantering tones, as if she does not expect us to believe in the sincerity of nonsense of this sort, only—well, there it is. We know from this point onwards that Pantaloon and Mrs. Pascal will pair off at the finish, because although he has no romance, he has money; and women generally contrive to fall in the direction of money, if only to emphasise the pleasing persistence of the law of gravitation.

THEN there is the maid of the inn, otherwise Columbine, a delightful part played with childlike simplicity by Miss Marjorie Dixon. She is glad that she is a woman, though she sometimes wishes she were a man, because she would then have the privilege of running after women, who are, of course, Creation's masterpieces. Harlequin is a young man of the type who automatically

falls in love with every pretty girl he meets, and Columbine is both young and fair. But Columbine, while flattered by the attentions of a young man of such distinguished appearance, cannot forget that the moneyed Pantaloon in the background has also made eyes at her. If you were she, would you marry the middle-aged Pantaloon for his money, or would you marry young Harlequin for love? Before Columbine has been able to find the answer to this eternal question, Harlequin suddenly discovers that he is in love with Mrs. Pascal. By way of encouraging him

Mrs. Pascal gives him the blossom she tore from the lapel of Pantaloon's coat; and a more economical use of a symbolical flower could scarcely, I suppose, be imagined. And Mrs. Pascal is not Scotch either.

But with all her romance, Mrs. Pascal is practical. Dearly as she affects to love Harlequin the dismal fact remains that he has only a tiny income, and when they are married he will take her to live in a dingy suburb, where her frocks will be shabby, and her soul will die. Both of the lovers apprehend that they will revolt very soon against the mean conditions of their future life, and as they sit and talk they are unanimous in agreeing that they will be very unhappy indeed. In this way Harlequin finds himself becoming unsettled again, and he begins to hover once more about the fair Columbine, who, however, by this time has begun to think of Pantaloon as a very likely proposition. So the play floats on like a thistledown through the air with wooing and winning as its only theme.

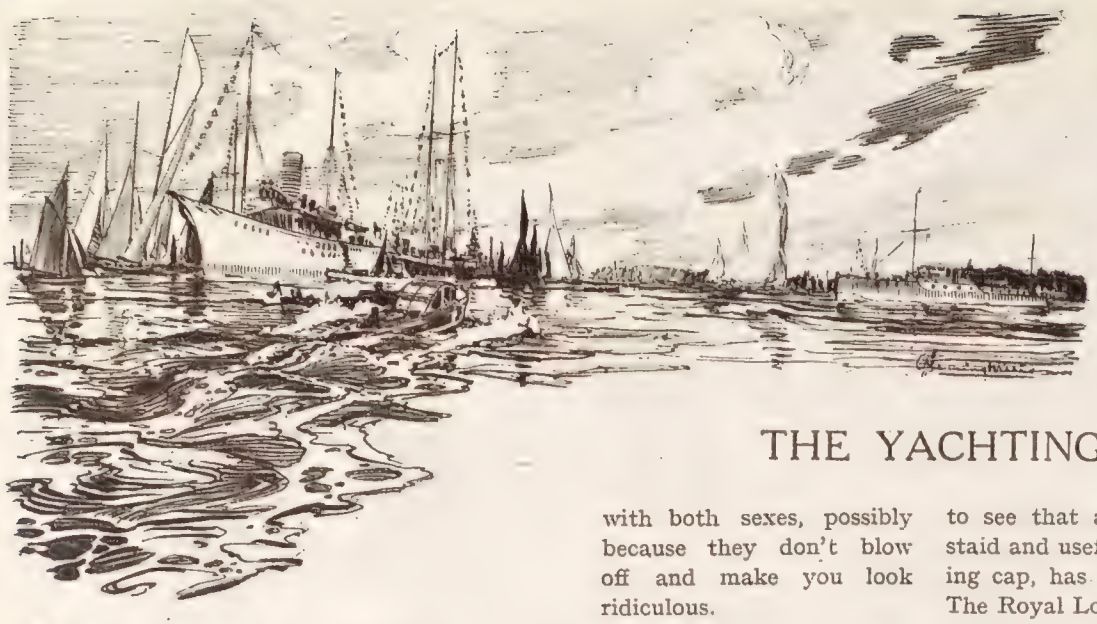
The first to be tired of the game is Harlequin. His mock passion is so intense that he seems to be suffering the pains of love as a specific malady, rather than as a visitation inspired by any particular object. (If, indeed, it is permissible to refer to any lady as an object.) Harlequin decides to go to some far-off island where there will be no women to bother him. And an island of that kind will take some finding, I may tell him. His departure leaves the field clear to Pantaloon, who decides that he could be happy with either, were t'other dear charmer away. But with the natural contrariness of womankind, Mrs. Pascal and Columbine cannot now think of anyone but the absent Harlequin. The two ladies prove in short to be such dismal company that Pantaloon diverts himself, while the clouds are dispersing, by reading the Stock Exchange news of the day, and chasing those funny little fractions up and down the columns of plus-es and minus-es. But in due course the ladies come to realise that Pantaloon is now practically the last man on earth, as it were, and it is merely a question as to which of them shall marry one with such an exceptional qualification. And so that neither shall steal an unfair advantage over the other they make a solemn pact that they will not speak to Pantaloon alone, but only in each other's presence. Readers of O. Henry will recognise this quaint conceit.

Mrs. Pascal, being a widow, is naturally the more wily of the two. She would not think of breaking her part of the pact, of course; but when she hears Pantaloon approaching the garden she sinks back in a chair and affects to be asleep. It's a pair of gloves at least from the one who wakes you in the orthodox manner, isn't it? Pantaloon falls into the trap at once and gives what is generally known as a chaste salute. (I accept no responsibility for the adjective. It was there when I found it.) But by this time Columbine is back in the arena. She does not, of course, speak to Pantaloon, but she is profuse with what Milton would call her nods and becks and wreathèd smiles. After all, there are ways, so they tell me, of making love without loquacity; and it was ever an axiom of the English that actions speak louder than words.

Then Harlequin bursts upon the scene once more. He is disguised as a "gaffer" from the village, and he has come to tell the sad tale of the fate of young Harlequin, who, broken by unrequited love, took a header into the mill-stream and sank, alas! to rise no more. This pathetic narrative convinces Columbine that it was Harlequin whom she has truly loved from the first, and she grows so sad that Harlequin promptly comes back to life and claims her hand; while Mr. Pantaloon offers his arm to Mrs. Pascal with the usual graceful significance.

Miss Marie Tempest, with her gentle cynicism and playful worldly wisdom, is the main attraction of the piece; though it may be that Mr. Frederick Ranalow's singing will charm the ladies most. Mr. Hubert Eisdell is a most attractive Harlequin, and Miss Marjorie Dixon sings and acts with great charm as the simple, but not too simple, Columbine.

JINGLE



PEOPLE at PLAY.

By "PENDARVES"

THE YACHTING CAP

THIS is the one week of all others in the year when the yachting cap comes into its own.

The white duck trousers, not beloved by the dressy man because they crease disgracefully after a quarter of an hour's duty on the wearer, and what tailors call the "D.B." blue serge jacket are minor necessities of life in the Isle of Wight from the 4th to the 9th of August. What really matters is the jaunty yachting cap with a badge of some sort on the front. The badge, aye, there's the rub. By their badges shall they be known. The great bulk of us, however, are none the wiser as to this symbol of social distinction.

I mean to say I can't tell, with any degree of accuracy, what the badge is on the yachting cap of that florid lady, eating cherries out of a paper bag, who has just stepped heavily off the eighteenpenny excursion steamer from Southampton.

But I do know, because father told me when I was quite a small boy, that the badge on the cap of that austere self-effacing old gentleman reading the *Sunday Times* on the pier is the badge of "The Squadron," and although I don't actually salute him, because he doesn't know me, and doesn't wish to, I feel somehow that I ought to, since he is a member, and trying not to show it, of the most exclusive club in the world.

But it is a very curious thing, one of those problems of arithmetic that have always been beyond me, how many more yachting caps there are moving about (on shore *bien entendu*) this week at Cowes than can possibly coincide with the total numbers of membership to the world's yacht clubs. Nevertheless, they seem essential down here with both sexes, possibly because they don't blow off and make you look ridiculous.

Of course, if you begin to voice your nautical opinions on matters of moment by describing a race thus: "Although up to now Brown's *Firefly* had been able to retain her stick, she had proved no match for the Clydeside racer, and when I saw that she was again snugged down with jib-heads and a baby reef there seemed no chance for her. . . . Down wind with spinnakers Brown's boat was holding her own fairly well, and in the heat on the last leg by higher pointing she covered the journey in two boards to the leader's three. . . ." some dreadful land-lubber, leaning on the railings near you, may ask what a spinnaker or a jib-head is, please, sir? Then the yachting cap comes in very useful, because, wearing one, you just glance at him contemptuously out of a weather-beaten eye and continue the discourse in an appropriate silence.

By the way, a pardonable digression from the ridiculous to the sublime, it is a pleasing sight down here this year to see that another institution, more staid and useful than the jaunty yachting cap, has come into its own again. The Royal London Yacht Club, thanks largely to the initiative of that very experienced and popular yachtsman, Algernon Maudslay, has taken on literally a new lease of life.

Founded in 1838, and having provided consistently ever since a rendezvous for yachtsmen during the Cowes week, it is, in the words of another famous thing, "still going strong." Indeed, stronger. Inasmuch as the premises have been enlarged very extensively, several new bedrooms have been added, and the club has been reconditioned and redecorated throughout. Like many old-established yacht clubs, the Royal London during the last few years has passed through anxious times, but with the very marked revival of yachting and with strong financial backing it has a prosperous future in store.

It is pleasant to hear that a determined effort is being made to preserve the traditions of this first-rate club, whose proverbial hospitality has always been appreciated by the many yachtsmen visiting Cowes during the season. We hope its membership will increase and that it will continue to flourish as in years gone by. It certainly ought to, since it throws open its cheery doors to all "yachtsmen and gentlemen." As there will be at least five hundred of these worthies racing at Cowes this week (a record season, I should imagine) three-quarters at least of whom have no other yacht club of their own *at Cowes*, the Royal London, with all its great history and its present modernisation, seems the right and proper place for the right kind of man.

Moreover, the flag-officers don't mind whether you wear a yachting cap or not. You are not judged by that standard—thank goodness!

Photograph *William Kirk*

THE COWES HEADQUARTERS OF THE ROYAL YACHT CLUB

BY F. H. MASON

WHITE SAILS IN THE SOLENT

ARTHUR H.
HARKER

Enter the Chorus

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

A bird's-eye view of that popular cabaret, the Dolly's Revels, at the Piccadilly Hotel in the attractive ballroom below the level of the busy street

THE CULT OF THE CABARET

IV.—UNDER LONDON

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

At the Piccadilly Hotel you illumine the little night light, in dignified fashion as befits the about-to-dine Englishman, on the street level. Subsequently you descend gaily by lifts and softly carpeted staircases until you are definitely under London. There you stay for some hours, quite oblivious of the fact that somewhere, far overhead, motor lorries laden with strawberries, mint sauce for to-morrow's alleged lamb, and green peas for the duck are thudding by from Hounslow to Covent Garden. You do not notice how far below the street you are, firstly because *she* is probably occupying all your attention, and, secondly, because the ventilation and environment is such as to give no indication of depth, rather of height.

"The Piccadilly" (nobody ever adds "hotel") is always associated vividly in my mind with those wangled forty-eight hours leaves; with hectic, almost reckless, very often tragic dinners in the Grill; when, hiding frayed nerves under a boisterous exterior, men crammed their jeopardised lives into one all-too-short night.

There is something rather ancestral and solidly British about the oak decorations of the famous upper dining-room. It is an English restaurant of the best sort. There is a spaciousness and austerity about the place which instils into some people a rather guarded manner of speech and behaviour. This only, of course, at the beginning of the evening. As the dinner and the night race on, you assume again your natural mental posture which is the way of all dinners and diners.

The Grill Room of the Piccadilly, one of the most famous grills in Europe, does not strike you like this. Herein the stream of life flows on in spate, twice daily in a rather turbulent quite unconventional manner, and nobody cares a button about anyone else, or their troubles.

In both these rooms, dominating them, moves the bow of De Groot. I imagine that of all living violinists, De Groot has held a greater number of people under his momentary sway than any other. This because he plays to a great and varied multitude who are here to-day and gone to-morrow. But while he is playing you have got to listen, however much the disturbed conversation with your *vis-à-vis* may mean to you. He does not play "The Indian Love Lyrics" as they were written. He does not seem to me to play any of the well-known music as it was composed. He degroots it.

It is interesting to observe the sitting-up-and-taking-notice-attitude of the diners when De Groot, the elusive, has twanged the strings of their post-prandial emotions and the jazz orchestra takes over the business. Still more alert and anxious to crane over the heads of diners in front are the people with tables in the background when the white-legged ladies in the Cabaret Chorus trip into the picture. What Aunt Agatha from Angmering would say if she could see—er—what we saw, I dread to think. And yet the Aunt Agathas of this world are very illogical, since nobody takes the slightest umbrage at the perfectly natural spectacle of feminine forms of all sizes, weights, and shapes on, say, the Littlehampton bathing beach on an August morning. And what is the difference?

The upstairs Cabaret at the Piccadilly is merely an insidious provocation to step downstairs at elevenish and see what they really *can* do. So you descend to the depths under London, and verily the ideal ballroom is before you. It is like a cool and very large greenhouse. Flowers are everywhere, artificial, one supposes, although they don't appear so. You might be a hundred miles from the heat and stagnation of Piccadilly. There is but the slightest evidence of its sultry nearness. A ballroom-cum-cabaret, where there are striped sofa sitting-out places in many directions for those who are bored with their big party, but not with each other, makes "Under London" a rather charming place.

If, by any mis-fire of fortune, you find yourself at supper here, two lone bachelors, it is a trying situation. Principally because there is a wide gallery running round three sides of the dance floor upon the railings of which white arms lean in the gloom, and the faint, though just discernible, silhouettes of lovely faces gazing down at you, while a luscious melody is in progress at the hands of the gentlemen in the orchestra.

By the way, London will be by no means a "dead" month so far as the Piccadilly is concerned. Three famous dance bands will keep visitors to this hotel, and to London generally, out of their beds, namely, Paul Specht's, Jack Hylton's, and Don Parker's. Moreover, Brooke Johns, specially brought over from the famous New York Ziegfeld Follies, will continue to delight the Americans and others who happen to find themselves "Under London" in August. The latter man is worth going a long way to see and hear.

Sitting in the ballroom in the depths the other night one felt that "all the nations of the world in each other's arms" (the misquotation is surely justified by its appropriateness?) were here assembled. Bystanders may well be reading their favourite paper on the sands which surround Britain and wondering how it is possible for anyone to dance under London this month. The answer is contained here. Never, I should think, has there been such a medley of tribes and tongues nightly, for weeks, under the same roof.

It is interesting to speculate, without recourse to hotel registers, whence they come. That they all know how to dance is beyond question. That they, most of them, know how to dress is self-evident. In both these respects the majority of them have nothing to fear from us in competition. An amazing sight this and other dance-rooms are this month. A man I was with here on the night in question who has the audacity to swear in seven languages picked some of them out for me and labelled them unerringly according to caste and creed. Here a Spaniard, everywhere an American, there a Norwegian, there a Sicilian, there a beautiful Venetian, behind us the rich low laugh of Portugal, Chinese, Japanese, Argentines, Russians (I wonder where they get the money?)—but, dominating all, the presence of Lancastrians, Yorkshiremen, and all the quiet peoples of the country who work harder than we do, and spend harder, too, though at rarer intervals.

Just a word here on the Cabaret Chorus in general, with no particular allusion to anybody in particular, from one who has studied the cult of the cabaret all over Europe. The cabaret chorus collectively and individually is a very lovely thing to look upon. The scenic effect of them, and the garments of them, such as they are, the "ensembles," as producers call it, are as near perfect in form, colour and design as can be wished for by the most captious critic of this form of entertainment. But we never can hear one single word they sing. Perhaps we are spared to that extent? They open a show in a furore of daintiness, and they close it in a fanfare of loveliness. But owing to the backing up pandemonium of the band, and owing also to the intensely hackneyed and senseless words that are put into their young mouths, the result of their simultaneous effort, under great difficulty and embarrassing propinquity to their patrons, is merely a ragtime babel of nothingness which detracts quite appreciably from the value of the star turns which follow, because it takes one several minutes to recover from the shock—and a minute in cabaret is a long time. When producers cease putting songs into their girl's mouths which the poor darlings can't sing, and content themselves with some less volcanic form of opening and closing number, then in many night lights we shall have cabarets without blemish. At present there is this one, and it is a bad blemish to boot.

PARISIANA

By "RENÉ"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"In the River Caves with their Stygian tunnels"

MES AMIS—

I AM almost driven to the conclusion that I live in a village. A slow village, and backward. It must sound utterly absurd, of course, to talk like that of Paris; but I have just returned from London, where life was not only furious, but fast—very fast. It would be comforting to think that I had merely lost my bearings and that time, only a few weeks of it, would set everything straight. But I am acutely doubtful about that. I really think you have gathered more momentum than we have, and if you keep up this swiftness we cannot but be left, old-fashionedly, behind.

YOU are doing things we would not dare to do in Paris, where we are supposed to know no limits in the matter of daring. It would scarcely be proper, *c'est entendu*, for me to dash into detail, but if any humbug from London ever talks to me in Paris about the *audacè* of Parisians and Parisiennes I shall produce a little black book and quote from a very lengthy list of jottings of things seen, heard and experienced during one cyclonic week by the Thames.

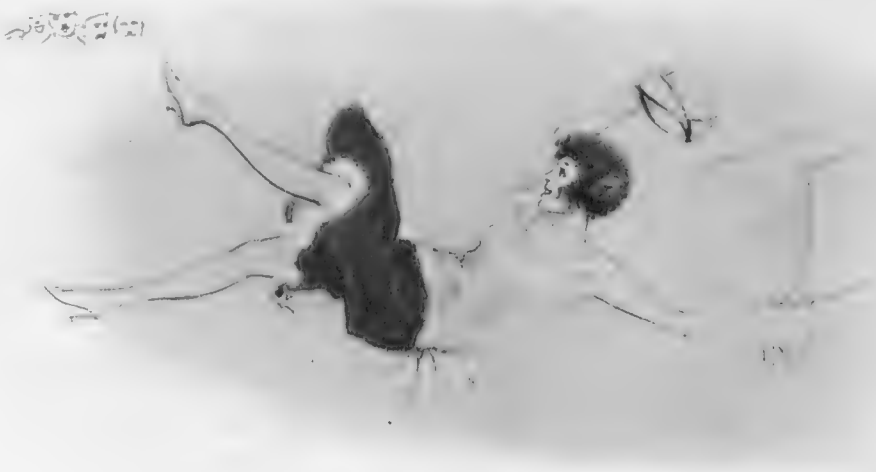
WHY, even people home from East Africa must be startled into a realisation of the fact that they are not irretrievably *blasé*, after all, but that London can rekindle almost forgotten emotionalism. And as for Americans, innovators in "petting parties," they are simply left accumulating an endless string of "Gee's." The folk who bewilder me are those who say London is dull. The bright lights may be turned down earlier than they are in Paris, but what of that. Even the people who go to Wembley must be in favour of an eight-hour day for lamp-lighters.

PERHAPS not those who congregate at the foot of the mat-toboggan run, but certainly those who make that surprise voyage in the River Caves. Not being accustomed to this sort of enterprise in Paris, I had not risked a single kiss with the desirable one who happened to be my companion in the exceedingly neighbourly "vessel," but on landing I felt I had fully deserved the lash in the comment, "I think we should only make this trip again when we know each other better." If those River Caves with their Stygian tunnels were brought to Paris, the Senate would debate about them for weeks, but in London they appear to be regarded as a mere *hors d'œuvre*.

I MUST congratulate you on your combination of dancing and cabaret, which you are doing much better than we have been doing here for a while. With one or two exceptions the managers of the Paris *dancings* have almost cut out the cabaret element, and what has been left is, in many cases, several removes from the brilliant. The Club Daunou upholds the tradition, but this is under English management, and the Tomsons know better than to spoil the ship for a ha'porth of tar, which seems to be the explanation of restrictions in other places. I was only able to get to two places in London, the Piccadilly and the new Café de Paris, but I understand they are typical. That being so, you are far better treated than we.

ALSO, we have nothing to set beside your night-nests of Maidenhead, with their river "interludes." The gardens of the Château de Madrid and the Ermitage de Longchamp are prettier than Murray's, but that captivating call of the Thames at midnight is, for me, a superior charm. There are loops of the Marne and the Seine lovelier than Maidenhead, but nobody takes the trouble to make use of them. To go out for a glide on the river in one of those fascinating electric canoes, after an hour's dancing, is one of the most exhilarating thrills conceivable for Beauty and her Beast. I must get someone from Murray's to see what he can do about this up the neglected reaches of the Marne. Arms—I mean of rivers, of course—are meant to be utilised.

(Continued on page 338)



"The mat-toboggan run at Wembley"

Copenhagen the Charmer

BY HELEN MARIE

"THE CITY OF SMILES"

Some glimpses of the bright city of Copenhagen, where the Danes dance, cycle in their thousands, and, of course, disport themselves in the famous Tivoli Gardens—the Mecca of "people who count" in this city of fine buildings and large open squares

AND as for plays, we have nothing this year that ranks with *Saint Joan*. I had understood that Shaw was alleged to be becoming out of date, but *Saint Joan* should be a revelation of the fact that G. B. S. is still in perfect touch not only with the most modern spirit, but also with the very essence of the temperament of the present audiences. He has developed *de main de maître* that Shavian discovery that an English audience will smack its lips over rude things said about its beliefs and its pretences, and I thought I detected a new experiment in presenting a clever thing in two ways, one for the agile-minded listeners, who revelled in it under the form of delicate allusion, and the other for the less alert, who exploded when the idea had been fully and unmistakeably developed. That is making assurance—of a run—doubly sure, if you like

AND now, having presented *mes hommages* to lively London, a glance around lackadaisical Paris. I just got back in time for the closing stages of the Olympic Games, which I had rather enjoyed at the beginning. These Games have done their best to fulfil one's preliminary fears that they would not be completed without serious troubles. Desires for duels have only been diverted at the eleventh hour in several instances among the fencing men, and if boxers were in the habit of terminating their differences by duels it would have been practically impossible to create the diversion. A boxer who bites his opponent, as happened once or twice, needs more substantial chastisement than mere admonition.

"A diamond in the cheek"

ONE thing ought to be more keenly realised in Britain than it is at present—that while the physical side of sports and games is being very rapidly developed on the Continent, the moral side makes hardly any progress. In the sporting spirit the Latins are a couple of centuries behind the Anglo-Saxons, and even when some of their athletes give evidence of acquaintance with Anglo-Saxon tradition, they evoke no response in the local public. In the instance of the biting boxer, this singular public not only did not condemn him, but most astoundingly supported him, with the result that there was a nasty incident over the Union Jack. As a means of cultivating peace on earth and as an accessory to the League of Nations, the Olympic Games are not very helpful.

SAVAGE *mœurs* and *modes* appear to be popular just now among the women. Earrings are expanding to armlets, and while no notoriety seeker has yet ventured on a ring for the nose, there are some who have advanced as far as a diamond in the nose, while others have had it set in the cheek. The Senegalese equivalent of the sporran has also been adopted as an appropriate ornament for a fluffy dance frock. And we send out missionaries to convert the heathen! RENÉ

An Austrian Army of Occupation—

Photograph *Central Press*

—In An Historic Setting

The gorgeous setting of one of the much-discussed film scenes staged by an Austrian Cinema Company in the grounds of the Palace at Versailles, to which the French authorities took exception

A Quiet Game of "Squash"

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

How they dealt with an objector to mixed bathing in prehistoric times

Photograph *Sasha*

"GLAD TO HAVE ME KNOW ME"

Mr. Nicholas Hannen (left) as Colonel Piggott in the new mystery play "In the Next Room," at the St. Martin's. He is confronted by Felix Armand played by Mr. Basil Arnold. Mr. Basil Arnold being no less a person than Mr. Nicholas Hannen, the chances are that he is asking himself, "If the other fellow is me, who am I?" The answer, however, is beyond us!

YOGO HAMA IN THE AIR

"Family and excursion balloons"

MOST DEAR HON. SIR—

THIS are week of very great aerial rejoicings by all good sporting persons who love the air and delight to elevate themselves in him. 1-stly we have the aeroplane speed combat for who shall arrive 1-st at an atmospheric post for Hon. Majesty's air cup; 2-thly, all good fowling persons may now legitimately shoot the grouse and other savoury snipes by act of Parliament, instead of at bulls' eyes, bottles and other still life.

The aero racing are now grown to a very popular festive and 1,000's of persons throng to the course where they may observe the pilots (atmospheric persons) who are clad from head to foot and inflated with winds so that, should they perform non-voluntary descents, they will only make to bounce 7 or 8 times like a footbladder, and then recover their equilibriums. These so gallant aero persons are very famous with the flaps (diminutive and youthish fairs) and other non-sophisticates, masc and femn, who dote to worship them and seek to acquire their autographicals in books, so that sometimes they do not have time to rise from earth at all. These signings become a very good price if the autographers win a high race or meet with non-luck stars to become suddenly defunct, otherwisely they are value perhapsly only 2d or 3d or exchange for photograph depiction of Hon. Sir Leslie Henson.

"Seek to acquire their autographicals"

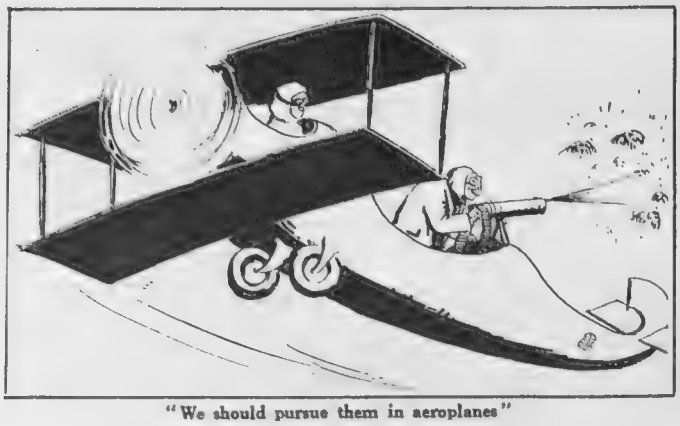
But no good sporting persons should afford to miss witness this heavenly Derby which I shall now depict in all its branches. The pilots having been stuffed and then pumped with the requisite winds for inflation, are put in scales and if over-weight are punctured to emit some air; if under, are further pumped to a suitable avoirdupois. Then they mount their aeroplanes, the umpire bangs his pistol and they soar upon their wheels into the bluish empyrean. All the sportsters, booking-gents, and punting persons embark into their balloons or other gas-bags and fly to the course. This race are stupendous and thrillish spectacular, because sometimes the pilots fall into pockets or other aerial vacuums which cause them to precipitate downwardsly with considerable velocity to the sq. inch, so that our hearts become enveloped in our boots and we cannot draw breaths, but only in shortish pants. Or else perhapsly they become wrecked in a cloud and remain stuck in same till rescued by atmospheric police bobs or other high officials, which makes them disqualified for a cup.

The very expertly proficient air persons are called Aces because they rank the highest in the pack. It are very delicious to observe these Aces perform aerial scoops and loops 100's of miles above dry land by sailing on their heads, turning somersets and other atmospheric jerks. Howeverly let us return our attentions to the race which I shall now depict very authentically. Impicture the course with family and excursion balloons filled to replete by happy faces, masc and femn, watching with breathless eyes the aerial gees romping home, also vociferating cheers as the Royal balloon sails past tastishly adorn with buntings while the aerial band blows national tunes to match. With heroic snortings and explosive bangs the windy steeds make gallop past at a ferocious canter, flying neck and crop for who shall be 1-st. In our excitements and other jubilatings, we heave our hats into the air, we forget our 10's or other lucrative odds to 1, and consider only the so delicious spectacular. At lastly we perceive a terrific bang to inform the race are over and throng to witness the victorious Ace receive the cup, while the aerial band blows some more happy tunes. After the Royal balloon has depart, we make collect our good puntings (if any) and sink to dry land. Yes, indeedly, this atmospheric Ascot are great sporting which makes of all others a very cocked-hat. Kindly to impardon me to emit a small aerial afflatus:

Come let us ejacule Banzai! or hip hooray,
For this so delicious air cup racing day,
When in balloons we shall all go up,
To see which aerial person wins the cup.

But I have now another very goodish

"Aces perform aerial scoops and loop."



"We should pursue them in aeroplanes"

card up my shirt, as you shall see, for there is the so glorious 12nd. of August 1924. "Indeedly yes, Mr. Y. Hama, but I cannot recollect to mind any stupendous national combat to celebrate this date of the month," you repop? Are so you ignoramus not to know this are the date for shooting with guns and other combustibles, edible feathered bipeds? Everybody who does not wish to be a not anybody, hies for the moors or other Caledonian deposits, with rifles, bayonets and other explosives to shoot the grice. (2 or more of grouse). Yet this are not so easy sporting as aiming to kill bottles, which non-initiates might run away to suppose, because you must not shoot for grice on the ground, but only on the wing, otherwisely you become non-legitimate and suffer severeish penalties. Hon. National Sportings Club has made a law that these fowls must not be shot on their pins, but only on their pinions. Grice always fly in braces (note for non-sophisticates: this does not mean they maintain their unmentionable garments by these instruments, but always fly in 2's) so they must be shot 2 at a time. If only to score 1 or 3, this are considered bad shootings and persons who commit this sin are warned off the course.

Myself I shall greatly enjoy this war-like sporting. How delicious, I bemuse, to mount a horse and hunt to his burrow or other lair, this fierce and feathered tribe. Then, having made to discover his hole, we fall off our horse and proceed to stealthily stalk him with our guns and weapons. Presently he pops to come out, we unfurl our gun, place in it the correct projectiles and aim with 1 eye. There then produces itself a very stupendous and shattering bang, and we open both eyes to enumerate the bag. Perhapsly 2, 4 or 6 grice lay to our feet, which are then collected and made into pies or other luscious dishes when de-feathered, which make very delicious feastings.

Should it not be a very good patent idea, I consider, if instead of riding to grice on horses, we should pursue them in aeroplanes? Then we could hunt the grouse in his native lair with automatic and other non-stop guns and catch him in considerably large amounts. Forsoothly yes, this are very brainish invention which I shall give for free gratis to all sporting persons.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, that your healths continue in a non-alarming condition to date, I remain

Yogo Hama

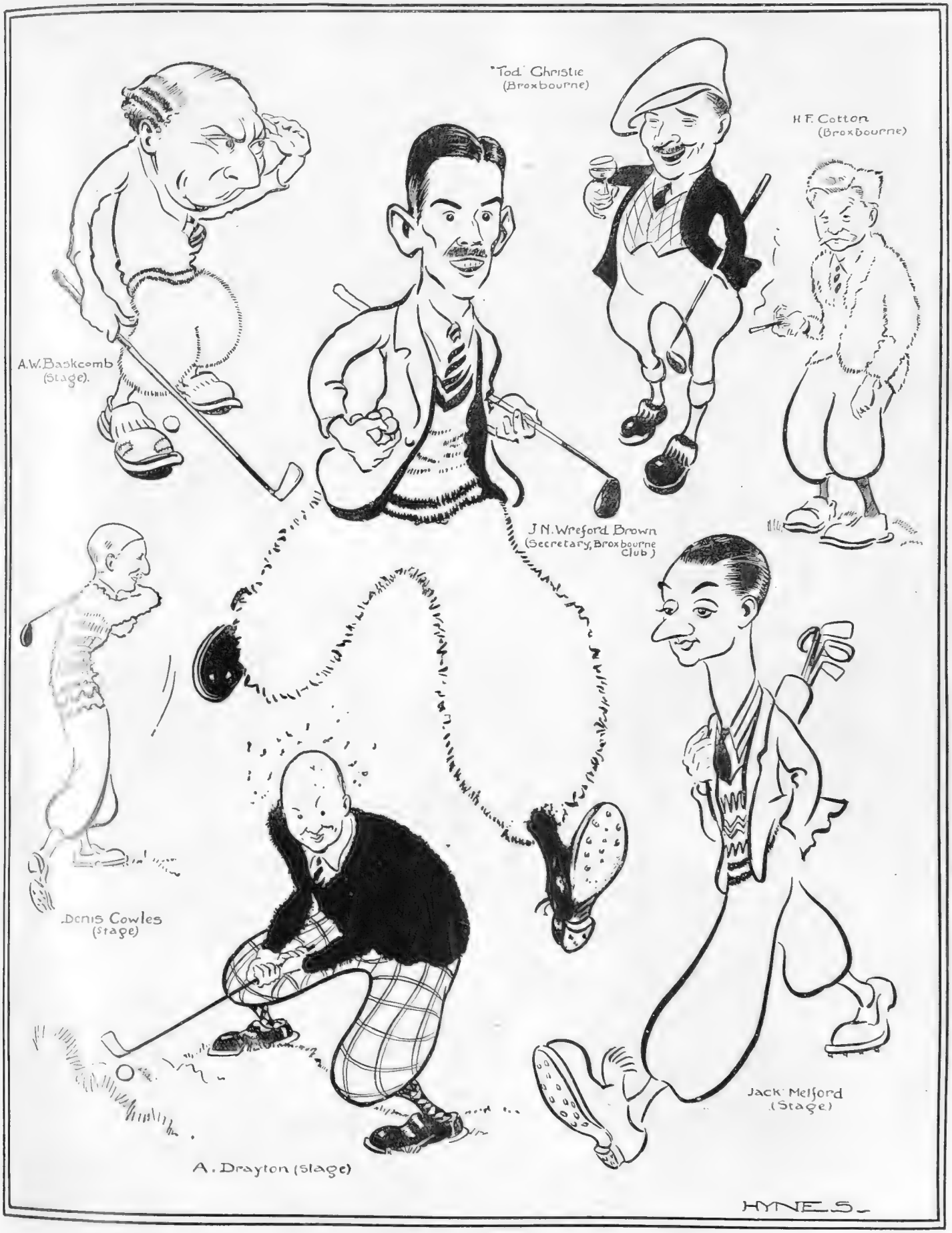
"I shall greatly enjoy this war-like sporting"

Photograph] [*L. N. A.*

TAKING STEPS TO BRIGHTEN LONDON

Miss Doris Holt (centre) putting in a little strenuous work with the able assistance of the chorus, *pro bono publico*—or rather that section of the public which visits cabaret. The rehearsal is for the new cabaret show which Miss Mai Bacon has produced at the Queen's Hotel in Leicester Square

"The Play's the Thing"

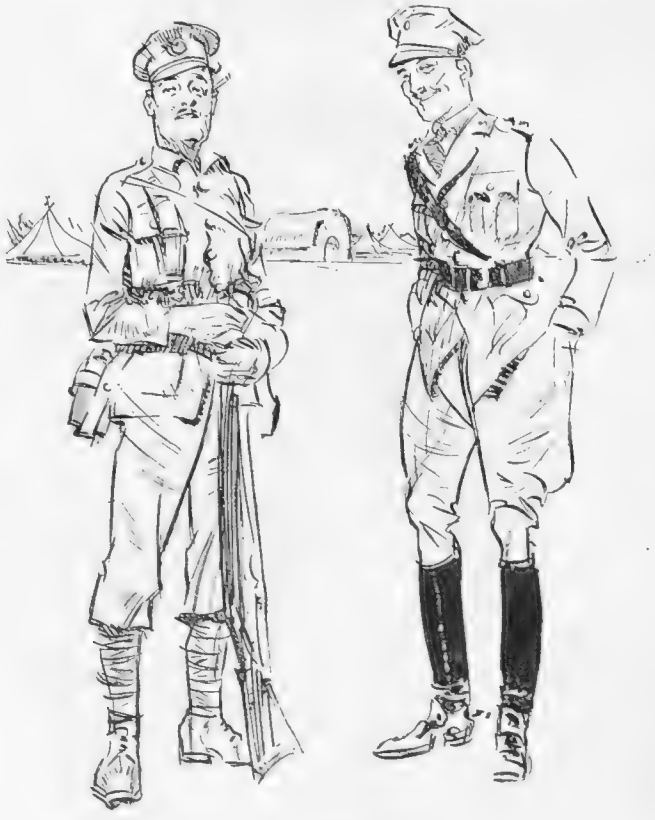


BY HYNES

Some impressions, gained more in sorrow than in anger, during a pleasant week-end at Broxbourne, when Mr. Jack Melford's Stage team of Golfers beat a team of members of the Broxbourne Golf Club by 11 to 4

TEN YEARS AFTER

By Blanchette. *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE.*



"1914"

SOMEWHERE-BY-THE-SEA,
August 4

DEAR COUSIN—

THE Fourth of August! Just ten years it is to day exactly since those gallant Three-million-and-more Musketeers of ours began to muster for the great fight—our famous Army of Mercenaries first of all, of course:

These, in the day when heaven was falling,
The hour when earth's foundations fled,
Followed their mercenary calling
And took their wages and are dead. . . .

As one of our poets wrote in grandly sardonic mood:

Their shoulders held the sky suspended;
They stood, and earth's foundations stay;
What God abandoned, these defended,
And saved the sum of things for pay.

THOSE of us who remember that day can remember, too, how little we guessed of what was going to happen when first "the heavens fell." Just a few of us, p'raps, had visions . . . awful, heart-rending foresight of the fate of those men who went away, who marched past our windows early, so early, in the morning, gaily singing "Tipperary" and those other now sacred things—cheap little ditties engraved for ever in letters of gold and blood—on the first lap of their joyous journey to have a bit of a scrap at last.

They went with songs to the battle,
They were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye,
Steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end
Against odds uncounted,
They fell with their faces to the foe.

AND then gradually we began to learn a little more, and more and more, of what war really was. Hospitals being started and organised all over the place—what did it mean? We hadn't quite thought of that, somehow, most of us. War was still a glorious thing—terrible but great. Tragedy here and there—quick tragedy, a bullet through the heart—we had almost steeled ourself to . . . always hoping and trusting that *our* men, at least, would be of the many that escaped and not of the few that fell. We hadn't reckoned with the seemingly lesser things that are so much more awful than the great.

FOR one thing, the War (for most of us) was to be over by Christmas, or earlier. Six weeks, said the more positive optimists whom one met in railway carriages and places—loud-voiced layers down of the law that in ordinary times we should have despised, but now gave eager ear to, and half-persuaded ourselves that men so certain about it all, and with the whole programme so beautifully and clearly mapped out, simply *must* be right. Only K. of K., that great soldier with the farseeing eye, whom the Cabinet so hated and tried to lose, with his "three years or the duration," gave us furiously, anxiously, unwillingly, to think.

SOON, of course—you remember, dear Cousin?—we began to wake up from the dream we'd never quite really believed in, to the reality more unspeakable than any nightmare, whose full horrors, though, none of those who stayed at home can ever know. 'Cos, after all, agony of mind—and I know all the theorists 'll disagree with me—isn't ever *quite* so bad as agony of body, which kills all mind, heart, soul, and everything same time as it's racking you to within just that last unattainable inch or so of the end for which you hope and pray. . . .

AND then, on top of all the crash of the guns and the news that sparingly filtered through, because all of them were so brave and wouldn't tell us what they'd suffered, came the news, whispered doubtingly, tremblingly, that all was not well. Not even victory was sure. It was quite on the cards—think of that and mark you, O forget-the-war Labourites and Conchies and all the rest—that the *Huns* would actually *win*. And think, or, rather, don't let's think, of what *that* would have meant:

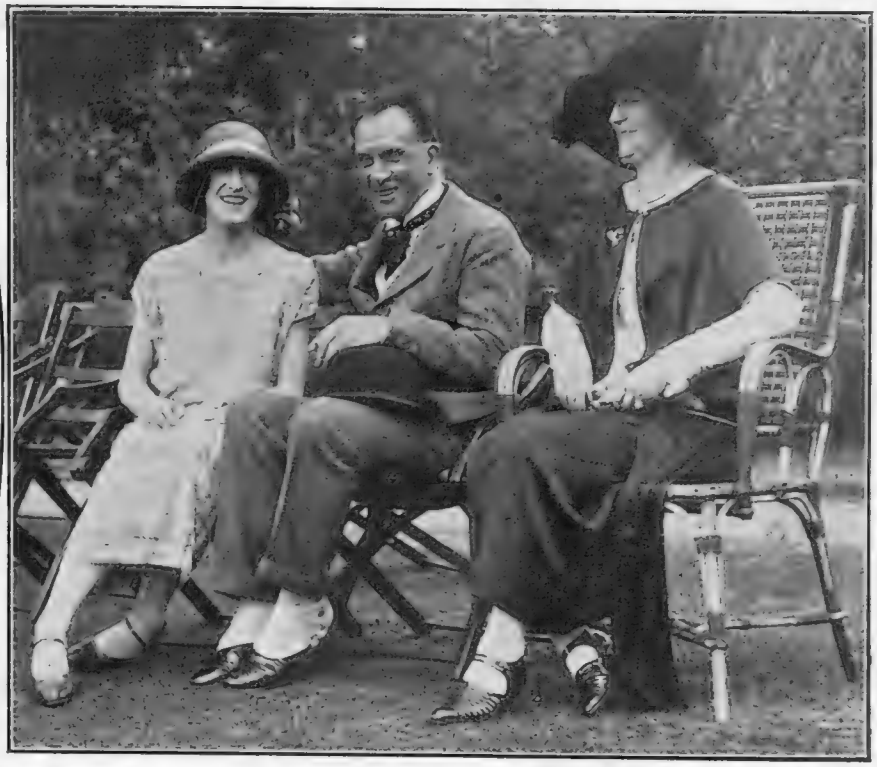
Now the portents all are dark,
Prophets prophesy in vain

Forget-the-war Labourites

(Continued on page 346)

Society in Action at Highgate

LADY CROSFIELD (left) AND THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER



LADY DOROTHY MILLS (left) SIR HERBERT AND LADY BARKER

Photographs

MRS. LAMBERT CHAMBERS AND LORD BALFOUR

Central News

LADY EDNAM

Some of the spectators and competitors who participated in the recent private lawn tennis tournament given by Sir Arthur Crosfield at his residence on West Hill, Highgate

TEN YEARS AFTER (*concluded*)

wrote one of the war poets when the great crisis was on, and was moved solemnly to adjure us—

Englishman, whoe'er thou art,
Stedfast keep the English heart.

THOSE were dark days. We smile now, and talk about the Season and discuss the weather for Cowes, and what to wear. England is England still, and all's well. But what should we have done and where should we have been but for *them*? For the Old Army to begin with—

Oh, little mighty force that stood for England,
That, with your bodies for our living shield,
Guarded her slow awaking. . . .
Oh, little Force that in your agony
Stood fast while England girt her armour on. . . .
We have no glory great enough for you,
The very soul of Britain keeps your day!
Procession? Marches forth a race in arms. . . .

So wrote, only a very few years ago, a woman, one of those women who remember, even if some others forget. Not much doing in the procession line, though, is there, these days?

AND, to quote another poet, who happened to have been a fighter as well:

What shall we render when the men return from War,
The men who fought that this our land might live?
Is there too much—too much in kind, or deed—
For them who lived in Hell, that we can give?

Echo answers, what? But no one else seems to be answering very seriously and substantially, to judge from Lord Haig's August 4 appeal, wherein he tells us, A.D. 1924, or six years after the Armistice, that *all over the world thousands of ex-Service men of all ranks are in want.*

DO you know, dear Cousin, that there are nearly a million ex-Service men unemployed to-day, including a quarter of a million disabled, who have nowhere to go to and nowhere to appeal to? And that Lord Haig has actually been reduced to selling busts and plaques of the Prince of Wales (God bless him!) so as to raise some funds to keep these men alive, who saved England, who fought for us and bore all sorts of unimaginable hardships so that you and I to-day should eat our bacon and eggs for breakfast and have our rounds of golf in peace, instead of being whipped to our work with Hun whips and fed, probably, on *sauerkraut* and black bread.

FORGIVE me, dear Cousin, if just for once and just for a moment I'm not quite so fearf'ly and sustainingly friv'lous as usual, but just for the moment this does rather, I must confess, get me on the raw, as they say, and almost makes me forget that I'd quite, or almost, decided to start life again as a modest violet or 'pletely retiring Victorian woman, 'cos of its being such a 'tirely new and startling pose, I mean. Once, when the War was still on, someone—a man who did verses for THE BYSTANDER, and who died for us, too—wrote some now famous lines:

Ye sleepers, who will sing you?
We can but give our tears.
Ye dead men, who shall bring you
Fame in the coming years?

AND then followed what seems, to-day, the supremely ironic thing. He went on (he died of wounds soon after, dear Mr. R. E. Vernède) . . .

But God grants your dear England
A strength that shall not cease,

"Discuss what to wear"

"The Victorian Girl"

Till she have won from all the Earth
From ruthless men release,
And made supreme upon her
Mercy and Truth and Honour—
Is this the thing you died for?
Oh, Brothers, sleep in peace!

And now his brothers, nearly a million of them, are begging for work so as just to earn their daily bread, and Lord Haig has to hawk about busts of the Prince of Wales so as to scrape up a few pounds to keep 'em going!

SAID yet another poet, in the pages of *Punch*:

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row. . . .
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields. . . .

The poppies have grown, and blown, nearly six years since it all came to an end. And yet . . .

MUSTN'T be *too* serious, though, must I, what with *tout le monde* at Cowes or Deauville, and all the lovely South-West Coast sea around me gently lapping the soft gentle sands, lapping one gently to a dreamy oblivion. And in town, for the few millions who remain, they're still gaily keeping it up at the cabaret and dance places.

Vogue la galère, as they say—but just for this one day, at least, can't help . . . remembering.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

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RACING NOTIONS . . . By "Carbine"

Stewards' Cup

SOMEHOW the Stewards' Cup appeared to fall rather flat this year. The race aroused very little preliminary excitement. Ante-post betting was of a very mild description, and even at the last moment there was nothing in the way of heavy wagering. Those who stood on public form and backed Compiler had the better of the argument. This colt had won brilliantly over the same distance at Newbury about a month previously, and at Goodwood he put up even a better show. One of the greatest disappointments of the race was Cos, who failed to show a glimpse of her former dash. True, she was badly drawn, but even so her display was appallingly feeble.

Bravo, Sir Charles!

ONE of the most agreeable features of the result of the Stewards' Cup is that the winner is trained by Sir Charles Nugent, who has a wonderful racing record. At a time when most of the trainers of the present day were unborn, Sir Charles was a notable figure on the Turf. He was one of the best amateur jockeys of his day. Fifty years ago he was riding many winners, and he has been through the racing mill in every direction. Fortune has given him plenty of rebuffs, but he has always come up smiling, and in the present season very few trainers have done more successfully. His energy makes it difficult to believe that he is approaching his eightieth year; but that is what the books of reference tell us.

Two-Year-Olds

I WAS glad to see Manna make good at the Sussex meeting. His unexpected failure at Sandown Park may be attributed simply to greenness. On his gallops at home he was reckoned to be a certainty for that valuable prize, and it was a blow to Fred Darling when the colt stopped to buck-jump in the early stages of the race. At Goodwood, however, he ran as straight as a gun-barrel, achieving in the Richmond Stakes one of the easiest victories of the week. Mr. Harry Morriss, home on a holiday from China, was naturally delighted with his colt's smart performance. He likes to have one horse in training in England, and he believes in getting the best that is in the yearling market. Thus for Manna he paid no less than 6,300 guineas, and it is agreeable to Fred Darling to know that he made no mistake in giving this big price for the colt on Mr. Morriss's behalf.

Photograph G.P.U.

THE WHITE-FACED WINNER

Leading in Compiler (W. Lister up), the winner of the Stewards' Cup, at Goodwood

Congratulations go to Lord Astor upon the very smart form shown by Saucy Sue upon her first appearance. This filly scored at Goodwood in the style of a regular young champion. It was good to see the enthusiasm which the victory of London Cry in the Goodwood Stakes evoked. Both the King and Queen were obviously delighted, not only by the easy success of the horse, but by the spontaneous demonstration which followed it. This week the Sussex fortnight is to be continued at Brighton and Lewes. On Wednesday the Brighton Cup may be won by **Pedestal**, and on the following day **Brimstone** may take the Three-Year-Old Handicap.

POLO NOTES . . . . By A. W. Coaten

The Odds Against

I AM often asked by those who are not conversant with polo form whether our men will win the International Cup at Meadow Brook next month. I reply that the odds are against us. But if I can get more than 2 to 1 about our team I shall take the odds. On the form which our players showed in the series of trial matches at London Clubs we haven't a ghost of a chance of whacking the Americans, but, somehow, I think that form will be vastly improved upon. I remember the odds were similarly against the England team in 1914, but thanks to the brilliance of Leslie Cheape and other members of the side, we managed to lift the Cup. I am hopeful that history will repeat itself this time.

Our Team

AS to who will play for England on the 6th and 10th prox., we are not much wiser than we were in the early days of the London season. All we do know definitely is that seven players will be on the scene of action, and I imagine the team will not be definitely selected until the last moment. The only man absolutely certain of his place is Mr. Lewis Lacey. It would be erroneous to say that this great player "came off" in every game he played in London this year, but his reputation is much too firmly established for us to worry about temporary lapses. Fit and well, Lacey will be a wonderful asset to the England team. He is the one member of the side to whom the much-misused expression, genius, may be applied, and I know that he is held in the highest respect by our friends the enemy. Critics have said that Mr. Lacey is inclined to "take chances" and dashes into the attack too frequently. This upsets the equanimity of the more conventional members of his side, but his audacity and swiftness to turn defence into attack is, in my opinion, likely to prove a real danger to America in the test matches.

Choice of No. 1

THERE is still a doubt as to whether Major Kirkwood or Colonel Melvill will play at No. 1 for England. On recent form the latter possesses the stronger claims for inclusion in the team, but many of the best judges of polo believe that Kirkwood is superior in the game to the C.O. of the 17th-21st Lancers. The trouble is that Kirkwood lately has never been really fit, and it is still questionable whether he will stay the course in an international match. The games at Meadow Brook will be infinitely faster than any polo we saw in London this year, and any player who is not at the very top of his physical powers will assuredly be feeling the strain in the last few chukkers. Much depends upon how Kirkwood shapes in the practice games which are to be played on Long Island at the end of the month.

Spare Men

MAJOR VIVIAN LOCKETT accompanies the team as spare man for the rear division, while Major E. G. Atkinson will also be there to fill any position which emergency may leave open. Thus we are not lacking in efficient reserves, and, taking the situation as a whole, I think the best has been done by the Selection Committee with the available talent. We shall not be short of ponies, though it remains to be seen how many of our big stud will prove up to the real international standard. Meanwhile, the Americans are now engaged in a series of trial matches. The chances seem to be that Hitchcock, Watson Webb, and Milburn will occupy the same places as they filled so brilliantly at Hurlingham three years ago.

To Our Readers Abroad

THE Editor will always be pleased to receive from readers abroad photographs showing copies of THE BYSTANDER in out-of-the-way places. From time to time selections of such photographs will be published, and each will be paid for at the usual photographic rates.

Notes on choosing a Wine

Sauterne

Contrary to general supposition, a wine with even a genuine Château label is not necessarily a fine wine. Between the gathering of the vintage and the drinking are many circumstances that may spoil your delicate Sauterne. But know who selected, shipped and bottled it—know that an established reputation is at stake—and you can be confident that the wine thus identified is good.

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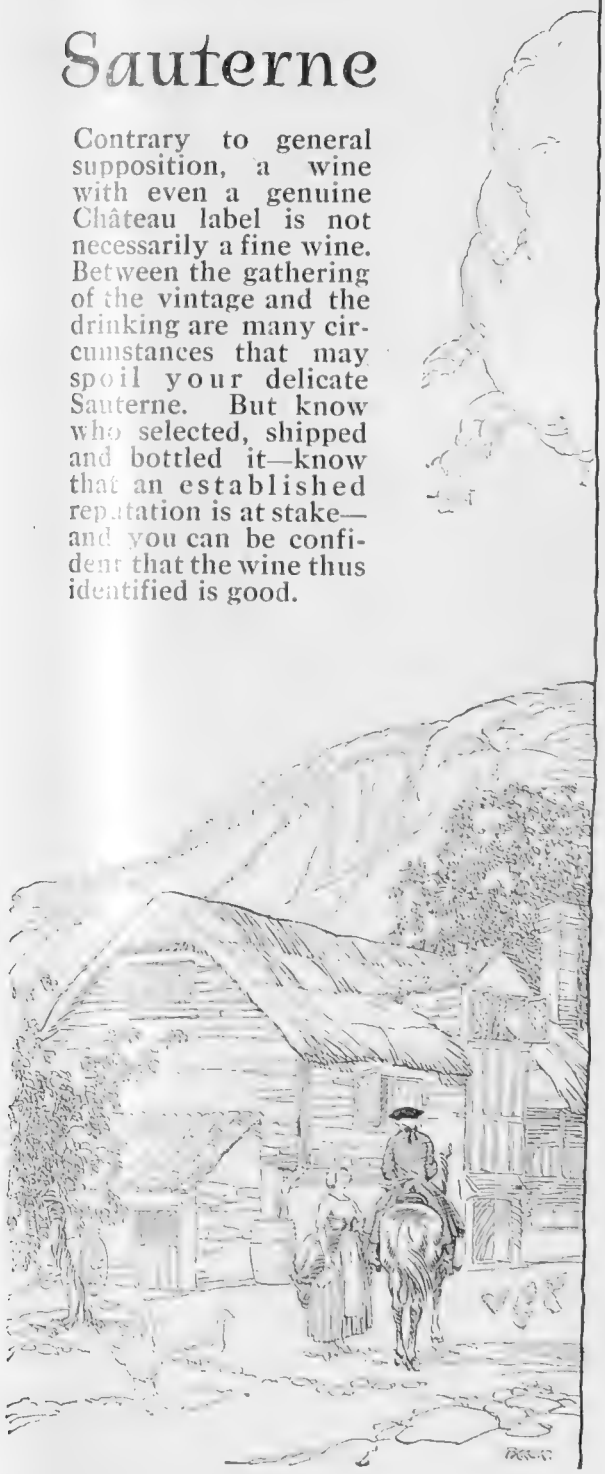

Femina

GOING WITH A SWING

T. C. Askew, the well-known dancing teacher, and his partner, Yvonne Mehro, putting in a little strenuous work in "The Dance Shop" at the Empire in Leicester Square, where they were appearing last week

On Personality and a Book

By "CANDIDA"

WHY were holidays invented? To get away from people, so someone said to me, as he booked the last seat in the Continental train which they run in four sections nowadays, and then it's a tight fit. His journey's end may have been a haven of peaceful silence, but its beginning wasn't. I sometimes wonder if there's any peace, either physical or mental, which can be worth the hustling and bustling and thrustling you must endure before you get there? The peace that "comes dropping low" (I've inexcusably forgotten my Yeats), the peace which doesn't disappoint, didn't disappoint him, anyway, because he knew better than to track it to its lair. He merely theorised about it in Fleet Street, which is, of all streets, the most peace-forsaken place in the world.

ARE there any "Innisfrees" this side of the Equator still unspotted from the world of motor-cycles and charabancs? I doubt it. There's nothing for it this August but some coral reef in the far Pacific, where each blue and golden day is exactly like the one before it, where the hours slip by unnoticed, like sand in an hour-glass, where I've never been to, but where, if I don't hurry up about it, I shall certainly find some big, white Palace Hotel all lifts and telephones and palm lounges and soda fountains. Peace, alas! is of all God's blessings the most elusive. To share her even with one other isn't easy. Then why attempt it, as we all do, with a whole hotelful?

WHY were holidays invented? To give your personality a rest, I heard someone say before I left London. But I wish I knew where this personality business began or ended. It's that something which, if you haven't got it, makes of you a negligible quantity, an also-ran, a creature "once seen, never remembered," as Oscar Wilde has said somewhere. It's that something which carries you across the footlights on the wings of a *succès fou* while better people, for sheer lack of it, drift away ineffectually. It's . . . but I haven't the slightest idea what it is, though I'm always discussing it, always joyfully proclaiming its presence, or lamenting its absence, in someone or other. Anyway, it's the most tiring thing in the world to keep up, and to go on at all one must disappear now and then, personality and all, into some forgotten no-man's-land, where you needn't be witty, or charming, or permanently waved, or anything.

Photograph *Mabel Robey*

VIOLETTE THE VICTORIOUS

Miss Julie Hartley-Milburn, who appears in "The Street Singer" at the Lyric Theatre as Violette, "the young lady from the milliner's." Violette, after a determined attack, finally breaks through the barriers of the misogynistic valet, who agrees to marry her; but not till the last act is nearly over!

TAKE a book with you, that's essential. Personality is like technique: it requires endless rubbing up, and when there's no stimulating conversation about it mustn't be left to fizzle out for want of a few ideas. It must be a new book, the newer the better. The owner of the last thing in personalities has no use for any of the old friends which hold no more surprises.

HERE on my "coral reef" I'm reading the newest book I could lay hands on. It's only a week old, and has all the freshness of new printer's ink, hardly dry as yet, and of even newer opinions. The *dernier cri* in fiction, only it isn't fiction exactly, and it certainly couldn't be fact. I can't imagine a situation such as it describes in a world where no one thinks coherently, or talks consecutively, and revels in the untidiness of it all. To have eight or nine brilliant conversationalists and earnest thinkers, all brilling together, each one waiting his turn politely till the other one has finished, is too good to miss. In *The Marriage-Craft*, Mr. D. H. S. Nicholson gives them all their innings, and though, no doubt, they, one and all, reflect personality . . . there you are. It's out already. Mr. Nicholson has personality, and, as I've said before, praise could no further go.

ALSO, he has views, and the courage to express them, an amazing courage in expressing the inexpressible, or, at any rate, the never-before-expressed. In England we're not good at this sort of thing, and in France no one dreams of taking it so seriously and scientifically. Is this the new apostle of plain-speaking we've all been waiting for? If so, he's not likely to be the last. But this plain-speaking business isn't as easy as it looks. It requires vision, sincerity and a whole batch of virtues, and they're not everybody's virtues, either.

VIEWS nowadays are essential. Here you have them galore; views on polygamy, on free love, and love that isn't free, all to be acquired without the trouble and the tragedy of personal experience. Here you have them, as seen from every possible angle, with every possible shade of feeling and

(Continued on page 352)

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C.F.H.

FEMINA (concluded)

nothing glossed over or left out. *A propos de bottes?* Certainly not. There's a story of sorts. The story of a barge which starts from Rickmansworth, and floats placidly down the Grand Junction Canal, while those on board discuss and re-discuss the whys and wherefores of the inexpressible and never-before-expressed. And that, by the way, is my one objection to the book. Most of us tired people (with or without personalities) have longed for a holiday to be spent on a barge, for a time of idle, unspeculative days through which one would float dreamily, and quite unintelligently, under the blue of the sky, with the green of the country on either side. Barges don't encourage intellectual feats; they positively do the other thing. Look at the men who go about in them. Even the clearest thinker and most inveterate ventilator of ideas would settle down in a day into a God's-in-His-Heaven-all's-well-with-the-barge attitude.

Photograph *E. O. Hoppé*

THE CHEERY DEANE

Miss Velma Deane, the revue actress, who recently married Mr. Edward Dolly, the producer. Mr. Dolly is a brother of the famous Dolly Sisters

Well, well, when all is said and done, the author is arguing with himself, and any peg is good enough to hang his arguments on. He's got eight or nine of them in a bargeful of clever people (excepting one or two for the inevitable relief), who keep the keenly analytical mind which is the author's own. A mind that takes nothing for granted, respects nothing, and is afraid of nothing, not even of thin ice. "*Glissez, mortels, n'appuyez pas,*" is advice that would be wasted on him. He believes in the tonic properties of cold water. Once upon a time cold baths won the battle of Waterloo; there are still some great battles to be won.

CANDIDA

Around the Halls

Little Tich tops the bill this week at the Alhambra, and supporting him are John Henry, the wireless comedian, Hilda Glyder, the Jensen Sisters, and those well-established favourites, the Hylton Band.

At the Coliseum, the Rodeo, which has proved as big a draw in miniature as was its ambitious forerunner at Wembley, enters on its last week.

At the Palladium, "The Whirl of the World" is still a big draw. A recent innovation is an enormous mantle worn by Miss Toots Pounds, which, as she ascends a wide staircase, gradually covers the whole width of the stage in a manner familiar to audiences of the Folies Bergère.

By Appointment

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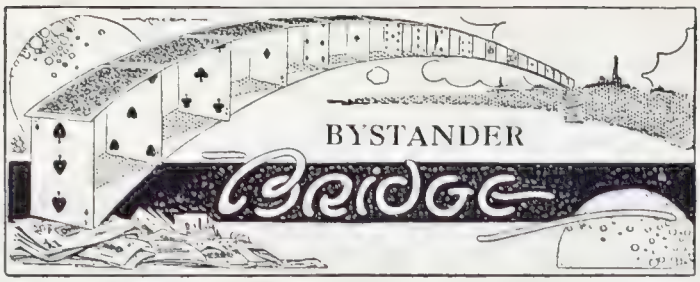

BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

COMPETITION HANDS ANALYSED

A READER sends me a cutting from a Sydney newspaper where the writer states that "the declaration of a Diamond or a Club immediately informs your partner that a 'no trumps' is wanted from him, or, failing that, only to assist his declaration if he holds at least five of the suit." "Do you," asks my correspondent, "agree?"

Emphatically "No." While I approve of bidding a short minor suit headed by Ace, King or by King, Queen with another "quick" trick outside, I would point out that it is not an "invitation" to no-trumps.

An original "free" bid of one of a suit at love score should mean always the possession of at least two "quick" tricks whichever way the bidding goes. That is to say, two certain tricks in defence. It is very valuable to "show" these two quick tricks while you can. There is no such thing as a recognised conventional signal for a no-trumper.

. . . . . .

I had not space last week to give reasons for my decisions in Competition No. III.

Without going through all the hands I will select those on which most competitors went astray.

Score: Love all. Z deals and holds—

S—8. H—K, J, 10, 9, 7, 6, 4, 3. D—3. C—7, 3, 2.

My verdict was that Z must say "No bid." But most of my solvers plumped for "three Hearts," some for "two."

With eight Hearts in hand it is, I admit, hard to pass. But, in my opinion, cards of such a character should be reserved for second round of bidding. If the holding had been K, Q, high, instead of K, J, I should have admitted as correct a pre-emptive bid of three. But the absence of the Queen makes all the difference.

There is not a single "quick" trick in the hand. It might be worth six or even seven tricks if Hearts were trumps, but to open at love score with a call of three is misleading and, in my view, bad bidding.

. . . . . .

A similar hand in a minor suit was:

Score: Game all. Z dealt and held—

S—6, 5, 2. H—K. D—K. C—K, J, 10, 9, 7, 5, 4, 2.

What should Z say?

Solutions of the majority varied from two to five Clubs. But I have no doubt that this is a hand on which dealer ought to pass. If the two bare Kings had been guarded I think a bid of "one Club" would have been admissible. I notice that in spite of all I have written against the initial bid of two of a minor suit at love score, many competitors persist in it. I will have none of it. There is more to be said for a pre-emptive bid of "five Clubs" on such a hand, although I hold that would be wrong too.

. . . . . .

Many of my solutionists fell into the little trap on this hand.

Score: Game all. Z deals and bids "three Hearts." A "doubles." Y holds—

S—A, 9, 8, 7. H—4, 2. D—A, Q, 7, 6. C—K, Q, 2.

What should Y say?

The trap was "three no-trumps." And that I regret to say was what happened in actual play with disastrous results. Quite half the competitors gave this solution.

Now think it out. It is evident from Z's bid he desires to play the game in Hearts. He must have at least seven Hearts and perhaps little or no strength outside. Y's hand is not a strong no-trumper, but it offers considerable assistance in the plain suits to Z, and, if Z's bid is sound, he ought to make his contract. The doubler probably holds Ace of Clubs, King, Queen of Spades, and Ace of Hearts. Nor should Y re-double as several competitors suggest. He has not a certain re-double, nor has he a certain double if opponents bid "three Spades" or even "three no-trumps." This is undoubtedly a case where Y should sit quiet and hope that the double will be left in.

. . . . . .

I was surprised to find that so many solvers recommend "no bid" on the following hand:

Score: Game all. A, B 16 in rubber game. Z deals, and holds—

S—K, J, 3, 2. H—K, J, 4. D—K, J, 3. C—K, J, 2.

What should Z say?

"One no-trumps" is my decision at any score. The hand is far too good to pass on. A suit bid is out of the question. With average assistance from partner the hand might be a game winner.

. . . . . .

Then there is the case of fourth hand after three passes.

Score: Game all. Z deals and says "no bid." A and Y also. B holds—

S—8, 6, 2. H—A, K, 10, 8, 3. D—A, 3. C—8, 6, 2.

What should B say?

Can there be any doubt about it? B should throw in his hand. To open the bidding with "one Heart" is most dangerous, and might result in opponents bidding Spades or even no-trumps. I am no advocate of sitting back, but fourth hand requires a good deal more strength than this to break silence. He has a justifiable "one Heart" bid as dealer or second hand, but not when he is last bidder. When all three players have passed and B is left to bid he should throw in his hand *unless he holds considerably more than average strength.*

. . . . . .

The final hand in the Competition was this:

Score: Game all. A, B 20 in rubber game. Z deals, and bids "two Spades." A "doubles." Y holds—

S—2. H—A, 5, 3, 2. D—K, 10, 4, 3. C—Q, 5, 4, 2.

Y must not bid. He can help the Spade bid with outside cards, and should not branch into no-trumps or any other bid just because he has only one Spade.

. . . . . .

Judging by my correspondence, THE BYSTANDER circulates in all parts of the world. I am always pleased to hear from foreign readers, and hope some time to start a Competition especially for their benefit. A correspondent in Upper Burma writes "Your competitions were extremely interesting, especially during our dreary downpour of monsoon rains which go on for six months during the year."

Bystander Four Weeks' Competition—No. IV

FIRST PRIZE	£10
SECOND PRIZE	£5
THIRD PRIZE	£3

And Three Prizes of BYSTANDER Bridge Sets, value one guinea each.

Prizes as above will be allotted to the competitors who obtain the highest number of marks. My decision is final, and no correspondence can be entered into on the competition. The rules are as before. No competitor can send in more than one solution. Pseudonyms may be used but full name and address must be given. To avoid taking up valuable space these rules will not be reprinted each week.

Competitors should keep their solutions, and not send them in until the closing date, which will be announced in the fourth week.

In the event of several competitors being correct, the Prizes will be awarded to the first opened solutions adjudged to be the best. Note that this does not mean necessarily those first received in post. All solutions are placed in a basket and numbered as opened.

Problem No. 1 (First Week)

To start the new Competition I give the hands of a rubber from actual play:

	S—6, 4. H—9. D—A, Q, 8, 7, 2. C—J, 9, 7, 5, 3.	
S—2. H—A, Q, 10, 3. D—K, J, 6. C—K, Q, 10, 8, 4.	Y A B Z	S—K, J, 9, 8, 7, 5. H—7, 6, 5, 4, 2 D—3. C—2.
	S—A, Q, 10, 3. H—K, J, 8. D—10, 9, 5, 4. C—A, 6.	

Score: Game all. Z dealt and called "One no-trumps." A doubled (on the American informative principle). Y "no bid," and B "two Spades." Z "no bid." A "two no-trumps." Y "no bid."

How should the bidding go now? Forecast the probable result of play.

Competitors must understand that this is not a double dummy problem, and that the procedure is on the lines of the American conventional double.

No need to say more

When I put the decanter on the table, and his Lordship asks if you will take a little of our '53 Port . . . . . there's no need to say more, sir.

I offer you your Kensitas, sir, with the same feeling of proud responsibility as I fill your glass. I know they will appeal to a gentleman of your palate quite as much as does our famous port wine, because . . . . . exactly, sir, they are *always* "as good as really good cigarettes can be."

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STANDARD SIZE
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20 *for* 1/-
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20 *for* 1/5 50 *for* 3/5
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Kensitas

the preferred cigarette

THE HOLIDAYS IN DOGDOM

By "THE KENNELMAN"

Now that we've actually got into the Dog Days (grouse next Tuesday, if you please!) the Kennelman has been somewhat urgently appealed to, to put a certain question to readers of these Notes, and to beg of them all the consideration that anything concerning the welfare of the community of Dogs deserves.

"When you go away on holiday, what exactly becomes of your Dog, or Dogs? How do they fare while you're pleasuring?"

The Kennelman honestly believes what he has told some anxious correspondents: that in the case of the vast majority of BYSTANDER readers the question could and would be answered with complete satisfaction—to the questioned, to the questioner, and (most important) to the Dogs concerned. Natheless, he can't deny the likelihood of there being thousands of Dogs in the kingdom for whom these same Dog Days that have just begun represent a pretty thin, puce, and melancholic time of year. And there's no insurmountable reason why it should be so.

"Toby? Oh, I think he generally goes to the Vet. when we're away. The house is shut up, you see."

So be it. You, of course, know your Vet.; and, no less, the precise nature of the accommodation and general regime he offers to Toby? If not, pray see to it, *before* you go away. These points satisfactorily disposed of, there's probably nothing left to worry about—if Toby is the right sort of fellow for that sort of experience. But is he? If, on the contrary, he's a highly temperamental chap—a quality due to human influence, remember, recent or of old time—and long used to life as a member of the family, enjoying the same liberty, consideration, and interested responsibilities in the household's affairs and routine as its human members—well, then, please consider the more feelingly the matter of that sojourn at the Vet.'s, and be sure it's not going to be rather sharper punishment for innocent Toby than, say, the Army's C.B. for defaulters, by reason, not of any fault on the Vet.'s part, but of Toby's temperament, as developed by *you*.

Dotted about the country, over and above the regular and recognised boarding establishments for Dogs, are many genuine lovers of the species, who would thoroughly enjoy the experience of taking in half a dozen or so of these so-humanised Dog-pals; and some of 'em would welcome, too, such trifling monetary gain as the payments given might bring, after covering expenses. In such homes Toby might even enjoy the Dog Days almost as well as you will yourselves; as you'd naturally wish he should. Don't ask The Kennelman to recommend specific homes. A few advertise. The special kind here referred to are duffers not to advertise. If *they* won't, why shouldn't *you*—for Toby's sake? In any old case, please keep a weather eye lifting; warn friends. Try by all means to prevent the holidays being made a wretched time for *any* Dog. One correspondent writes:

"Here, surely, the canine organisations might help; not only R.S.P.C.A., Canine Defence League, etc., but Kennel Club, and the hundreds of specialist Dog Clubs. Give us, through a central organisation, a really trustworthy register of really trustworthy temporary homes, all up and down the country. Why not? It's really a big business."

Why not, indeed. Members of councils concerned, please note.

Years ago, Liverpool was among the most famous of Dog Show centres; and one gathers a big effort is being made to revive all its glories. They've a big Championship Show there to-day (Wednesday).

A good Stock

of GOLD BLOCK puts a premium on smoking-enjoyment. This deliciously cool, sweet-smoking cut plug tobacco is a trifle more expensive than the ordinary kinds. But it is made for the man who places more importance on the quality of the 'Smoke.'

Of all Tobacconists and Stores.

1-oz. Packet - 1/3½
2-oz. Packet - 2/7
¼-lb. Tin - - - 5/2

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The World's Favourite Liqueurs for 348 Years

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·OLD·TIME·CUSTOMS·

Beating of the Bounds.—

The name given to the annual observance by which the ancient parish boundaries are sustained.

On Holy Thursday, or Ascension Day, the clergy, with parochial officers and other parishioners, followed by the boys of the parish school, go in procession to the different parish boundaries, which boundaries the boys strike with peeled willow-wands. Sometimes, at important points in the procession, the boys are whipped "to make them remember." The custom is not confined to England.

It's a wise old custom to

take a peg of

John Begg!

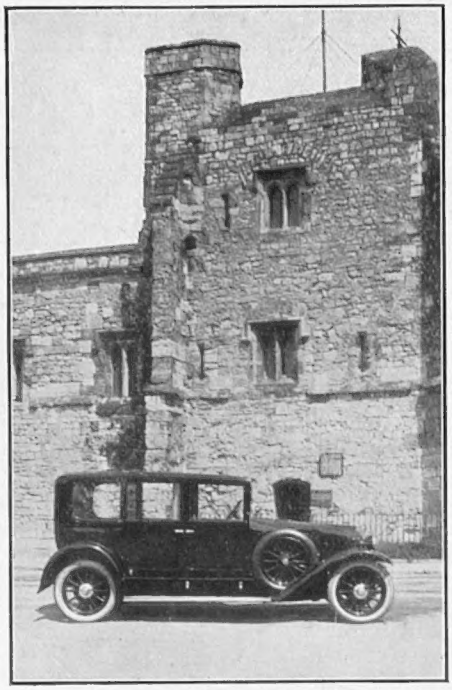
The Scotch Whisky that has been supplied to all the Royal Palaces for 75 years.

By Appointment since 1848.

JOHN BEGG LTD., 106, Fenchurch St., London, E.C.3; 64, Waterloo St., Glasgow.

MOTOR NOTES

At a recent meeting of the National "Safety First" Association six cardinal rules for safe driving were laid before those attending in order that some effort should be made to lessen the present dangers on the road. These were—(1) always keep your eyes open and your wits alert, (2) always drive as you would wish others to drive, (3) always keep yourself and your vehicle in safe driving order, (4) always anticipate danger, (5) learn, give, and obey the recognised traffic signals, and (6) obey the law in letter and spirit. Perhaps the last advice is the most difficult to follow by motorists with the present absurd conditions of the existing law as regards a speed of twenty miles an hour as the legal limit. As has been often stated in these columns, the Motor Act of 1903 requires revision to modern conditions, and though one would wish always to obey the law it is almost impossible to do so in this particular. Every user of our roads must be fully aware that the human element is to blame in the vast majority of accidents. More accidents are due to carelessness and thoughtlessness than to ignorance, yet there are a large number of persons who have no trace of "road sense" in their mentality. The Council of this N.S.F.A. ask that all road-users will try to cultivate this quality and holders of the steering-wheel more common sense to ensure safe driving. Let us hope they will succeed in this good work.



WHERE HISTORY WAS MADE

A 45 h.p. Renault limousine outside the ancient tower dating from the fourteenth century which formed the south-eastern corner of the old city wall at Southampton

A very interesting leaflet has been issued by Messrs. C. C. Wakefield and Co., Ltd., the manufacturers of that well-known lubricant, "Castrol," which explains how this firm discovered the value of mineral and castor compounded oils. Practical results have shown the motor-using public that all the recent high-speed records have been made by cars whose engines used this lubricant. Until this leaflet was issued few knew "what is Castrol." Now they can have the answer by reading it. Before the War the French were using home-produced castor oil for the high-powered cars they were running for racing, while we in this country were content with pure mineral oils. For speed and endurance the vegetable product was an easy winner. But castor oil was accompanied with certain disadvantages, such as gumminess, a certain acidity, and a tendency to deposit a glue-like substance which rendered it objectionable as a general lubricant. Consequently it did not obtain universal favour. But researches showed that castor oil has a far greater resisting power than other fatty oils or the most viscous mineral oil. Also, it gave the thickest oil film and had the best cushioning effect when certain pressures were exerted, as one finds on every big-end bearing of an internal combustion engine. One of the chief problems with which designers are faced in their endeavours to obtain higher piston speeds is the provision for pressure on the big-end, that is to say, the limit of speed is defined by the limiting pressure on the big-end bearing of the connecting rods. Therefore, it is desirable to employ a lubricant which will withstand the maximum pressure rather than rely upon one which will not maintain the

(Continued on page 360)

Cassell's Notable New Novels

Giglamps — WILL SCOTT

"Giglamps is a delightful chap with the best stock of apt repartee, the most vigorous metaphors that I have met in fiction for a long time. For sheer brilliance of plot and joyousness of style this is the best holiday book I've come across."—*Daily Graphic.*

Marie Vee — DOUGLAS NEWTON

This novel is full of delightfully humorous scenes and vivid descriptions of boxing. The characters of the brave, clean fighter who is hero, and his sweetheart the fascinating, kind-hearted, elusive Marie Vee, are certain to delight.

Wanderlight — ERNEST RAYMOND

14th Thousand.

That eerie insight which is the "soul" of Ernest Raymond's work is abundantly manifested in this new story; it will hold its readers in thrall from first to last page.

Three Rooms — WARWICK DEEPING

2nd Impression.

"The best thing Mr. Deeping has done, and deserving of high praise both for its conception and execution."—*Truth.* "An eminently capable piece of work."—*Punch.*

The Stretton Street Affair — WILLIAM LE QUEUX

"There is a splendid plausibility about this story, which races along at tip-top speed and grips us from start to finish. The mystery is excellently maintained."—*Daily Graphic.*

Ancient Fires — I. A. R. WYLIE

3rd Impression.

"Miss I. A. R. Wylie has done nothing more original in motive and in conception. Lisbeth Gay is one of the most tenderly beautiful characters in modern fiction to be carefully read and then re-read."—*Sunday Times.* "A masterpiece of characterisation."—*Truth.*

The White Wilderness — GEO. A. ENGLAND

"Attains a force of splendour and terror hardly inferior to that found in Hermann Merivale's 'Moby Dick.'"—*Dundee Advertiser.* "Is a book to read and remember . . . an epic treated in the appropriate dimension."—*Edinburgh Evening News.*

The Heavenly Ladder — COMPTON MACKENZIE

"Mr. Mackenzie is an artist in character draughtsmanship. 'The Heavenly Ladder' is the most powerful of the trilogy to which it belongs."—*Sunday Times.*

John Dighton: Mystery Millionaire — MAX PEMBERTON

"A first-class novel."—*Yorkshire Evening News.* "One of our most expert tale-tellers."—*Liverpool Daily Courier.* "A rattling good mystery story."—*Glasgow Evening Citizen.*

Riceyman Steps — ARNOLD BENNETT

Now in its 36th Thousand

The End of the House of Alard — SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

Now in its 31st Thousand

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You can do it easily on "BP"

The British Petrol

When held up by a traffic stop it is gratifying to know that your engine will instantly respond to a touch of the accelerator pedal the moment the policeman waves you on.

Rapid acceleration is one of the many desirable things that result from the use of "BP," the British Petrol. Proof of the remarkable properties of "BP" in this respect was provided at Brooklands on May 22nd, when Mr. J. Parry Thomas, driving his Leyland Eight, covered with flying start five miles in 2 min. 26·51 sec. and ten miles in 4min. 58·26 sec., and made the astonishing lap speed of 124·12 miles per hour.

British Petroleum Co. Ltd Britannic House, Moorgate, E.C.2
Distributing Organization of the
ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD.

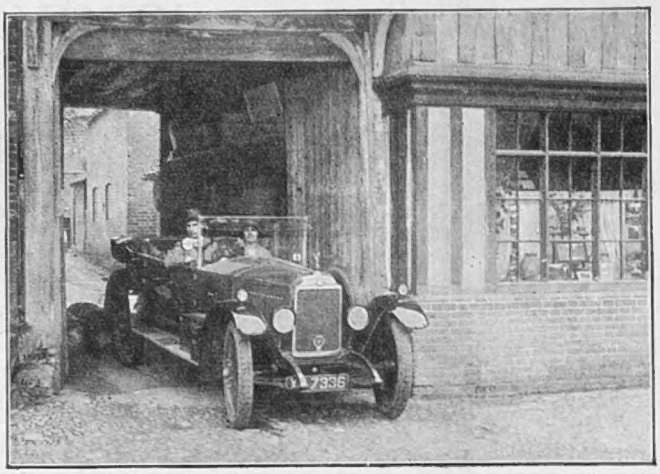
MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

surfaces apart. After much research work the virtues of castor oil without its defects were retained in the blending of a castor oil of great purity with a special grade of mineral oil that is styled "Castrol," an achievement that eliminated many troubles of the motor-engine.

* * *

Some hope has arisen in the minds of those organizing the 200-miles races for 750 c.c., 1,100 c.c., and 1,500 c.c. cars that America will send a team to compete against the English, French, and Italian cars entered in this event. This is due to the announcement by the President of the Indianapolis speedway that their 500 miles race for 1926 will be confined to cars with engines of 91½ cubic inches capacity or something about our 1,500 c.c. class. As during the early part of the War Morris-Cowley cars were fitted with the Continental (U.S.A.) engine slightly larger in cylinder capacity than this class, it may be that some modified type of this motor will be forthcoming for this Brooklands race on September 20. Personally, I doubt whether any firm would dare to compete against other makers when having to produce, test their cars, and race them inside two months, so it is very doubtful whether we shall see any small U.S.A. cars over here for the next twelve months.

It will be interesting to note whether the 200 miles race will be run as three separate events, two races, or all three classes on the track at one time. Personally, I hope each class will run alone, as then one can describe each race without risk of confusion. Two classes, if small, might be run together, but then the bigger-engined class always steals the "thunder" from the smaller, both in the eyes of the spectators who view the event and those that have to write about it. Last year the tiny 7 h.p. Austin put up a wonderful performance, far better in comparison than any other car, yet it was overshadowed by the winner of the Cup in the 1,500 c.c. class, and as that was the chief prize of the meeting it naturally received the preference in the published records of the race. However, the professional time-keepers will, no doubt, have a voice in the matter; and rightly so, as four men can only correctly time a limited number of cars with two watches apiece, which is all they can possibly handle with accuracy.



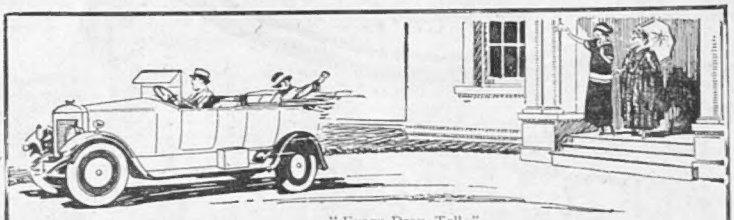
"CAREFULLY DOES IT"

A driver manœuvring his car out of an old archway in Chiddingstone. The car is a 14-40 h.p. Vauxhall "Princeton" touring model

* * *

Much interest by the trade and the public has been aroused by the announcement that Mr. Frank W. Shorland has accepted the position of commercial and general sales manager to Messrs. Clement Talbot, Ltd., with which company he was so long and closely associated a few years ago. Popularity is a keynote in motoring circles, and Frank certainly holds the palm for this attribute. His career as a racing cyclist since 1887, his appointment first with Humbers and then with the Raleigh Cycle Co. in 1897 until 1908, when he joined Clement-Talbot, Ltd., as general manager, brought him many friends, whom he has retained. It was only when he sold out his interest in that firm in 1915, when the Darracq Co. purchased the business, that he severed his connection with that undertaking. Now he has returned to it, and all his many friends will wish him and the company success in his present office. One can be sure his energy will deserve it.

OLD HY.



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If motorists reflected for a moment on the heavy toll imposed upon engine efficiency by poor quality lubricating oil, there would be less heard of burnt-out bearings, scored cylinders, worn pistons and piston-rings, damaged crank pin and gudgeon pin bearings, poor compression, excessive carbon deposits, and over-heating, which in 90% of cases arise from faulty lubrication. RUN NO RISKS—RUN ON SHELL MOTOR OIL.

Shell Motor Lubricating Oil is supplied in four grades—Single, Double, Triple, and Golden Shell. Consult "SHELL READY-REFERENCE TO CORRECT LUBRICATION," obtainable from your garage, or post free from Shell-Mex, Ltd.

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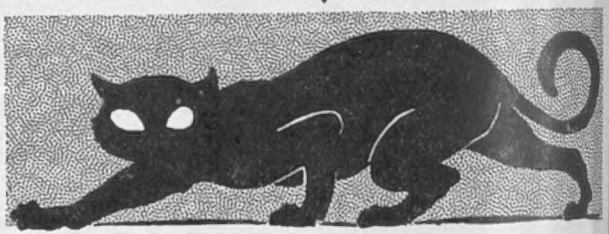

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